JOHN BULL, FEBRUARY 26, 1938 VOL. LXIII. 1654.

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

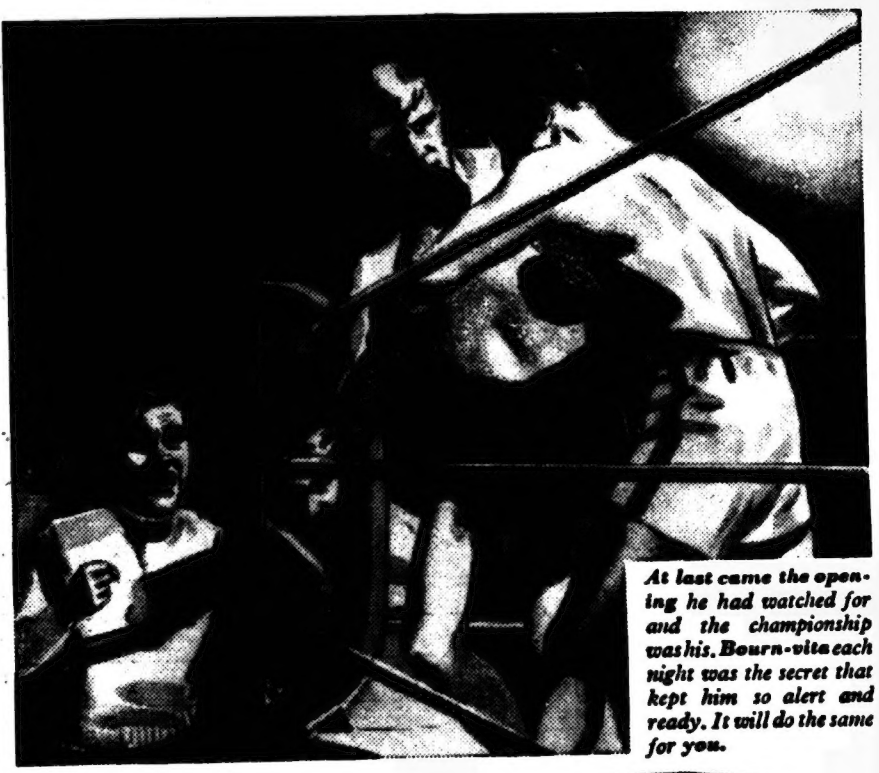
History is made at night

BOXER WINS CHAMPIONSHIP THE NIGHT BEFORE THE FIGHT

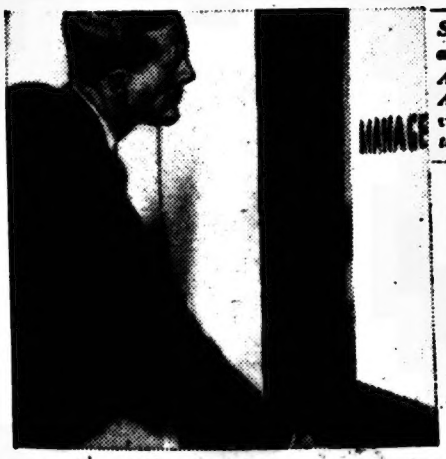
'Nicest left hook I ever saw' said reporter. But it was the 'deep sleep secret' that kept him clear-eyed, cool-headed—gave him such confidence and stamina

The odds were against him, and he knew that stamina and boxing brains must win where brute strength failed.

And so they did! For *he* had prepared for success *the night before*, when a night-cup of Bourn-vita brought him sound, restoring sleep. Confidence, quick wits, energy, all depend on sleep. Not *length* of sleep but *scientifically sound* sleep is what matters. That's the sleep Bourn-vita gives you—bringing new vigour in mind and body, building up resistance to ills and chills, and preparing you for success to-morrow.



At last came the opening he had watched for and the championship was his. Bourn-vita each night was the secret that kept him so alert and ready. It will do the same for you.

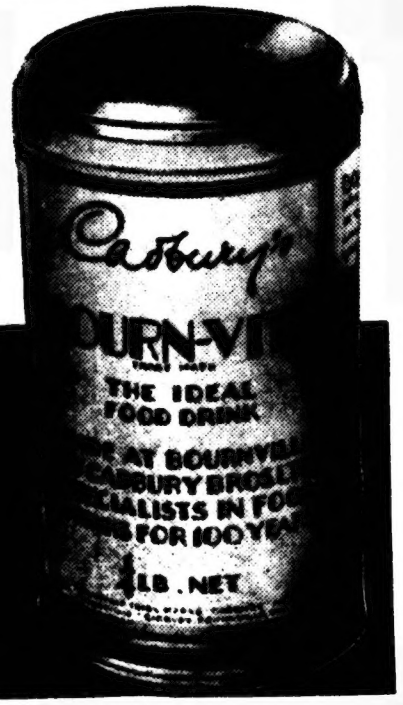


Something important to do to-morrow? An interview? A job to get? A rise to ask for? A Bourn-vita 'night-cup' will help to win that battle for you.

The night is more important than the day. That's the time when Bourn-vita ensures that sleep shall be sound sleep—preparing you for success to-morrow.

9D PER ¼ LB.

1/5 PER ½ LB.



BOURN·VITA *to-night*

makes to-morrow just right

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WATCHES — Why risk nondescript unreliable Watches. For as little as 1/6d. deposit you can own a world-renowned "Trutime." Guaranteed 10 years in writing. Simply send deposit and name and address. If satisfied, balance by easy instalments or write for Gentlemen's Ladies' & Gent's Wristlet Watches, Diamond Rings, etc. Same Easy Terms.

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	10ft	6ft	7ft	£4.15.0	10/-	10/10

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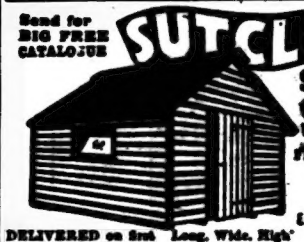

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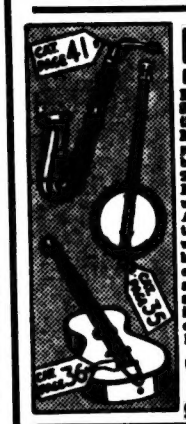

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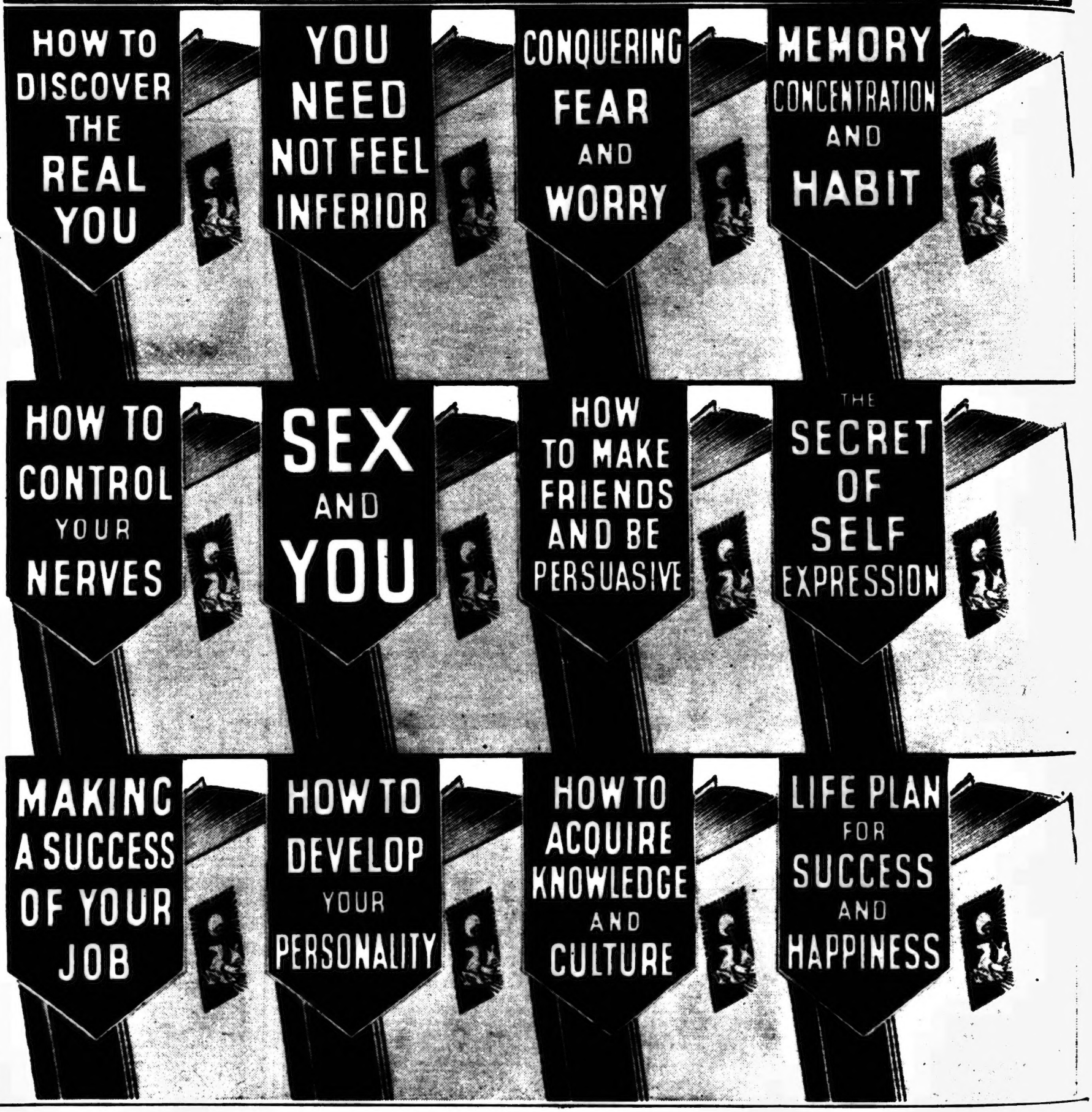
HOW TO DISCOVER THE REAL YOU
YOU NEED NOT FEEL INFERIOR
CONQUERING FEAR AND WORRY
MEMORY CONCENTRATION AND HABIT
HOW TO CONTROL YOUR NERVES
SEX AND YOU
HOW TO MAKE FRIENDS AND BE PERSUASIVE
THE SECRET OF SELF EXPRESSION
MAKING A SUCCESS OF YOUR JOB
HOW TO DEVELOP YOUR PERSONALITY
HOW TO ACQUIRE KNOWLEDGE AND CULTURE
LIFE PLAN FOR SUCCESS AND HAPPINESS

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APPLY AT ONCE

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Let us tell you something about the Course! What it is! What it can do! How it works! Section by Section, the complete Course helps you to discover the vast possibilities within you—your hidden talents and powers. It will inspire you to *do* things that now seem beyond your ability. It will encourage you, broaden your outlook, stimulate your mind, help you to look at life differently. **In short—this Course shows to you the real secrets of living—revealing to you many things you never know before.**

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To secure your Second Book you merely send in your Voucher No. 2, together with *fourpence in stamps*, and twelve tokens cut from twelve consecutive daily issues of the "Daily Herald," and your Second Book is then dispatched immediately to you. You do the same for your Third Book—the same for your Fourth—and so on, until you have the complete 12 Sections of the Plan. That is all! There is nothing else whatever to do! Tokens eligible are the series "L.S." and will be found each day in the bottom right-hand corner of the back page of the "Daily Herald." You may begin at once collecting your tokens for your Second Book with the "L.S." token which appears in to-day's issue of the "Daily Herald."

READ again the brief outlines of these 12 wonderful Books of this Course—then THINK! You hold in your hands a message that may turn out to be the most wonderful thing in your life—who knows to what it may lead? Here is OPPORTUNITY!—something tangible—practical—definite—yours practically as a Gift! Coming as it does, backed by a great National paper—you owe it to yourself and to your family to take from it every ounce of help it can give you. To delay is to miss a chance that you may never get again. Give yourself this great opportunity to discover how to achieve success in life! Complete the Forms below and post them at once. These Forms bring you your first Book, by return, together with the Vouchers entitling you WITHOUT OBLIGATION to the other Eleven Books of the Course.

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The Label on the right must be enclosed with this Form. You must fill it in with your name and full postal address in block letters and affix a THREE-HALFPENNY stamp to the space provided. This Form and Label together with FOURPENCE IN STAMPS must be posted in a sealed envelope bearing a three-halfpenny stamp.

In accordance with your special offer, please reserve in my name without obligation the complete 12-Book "LIVE SUCCESSFULLY" Course.

Please send me BY RETURN the First Book, "HOW TO DISCOVER THE REAL YOU." I enclose FOURPENCE in stamps for my First Book. Together with Book No. 1, please send me also my Eleven Official Vouchers on which to qualify at intervals of two weeks for the other Eleven Books of the Course. I certify that I have NOT already reserved a complete Course under this Scheme.

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"John Bull," 26/2/38.

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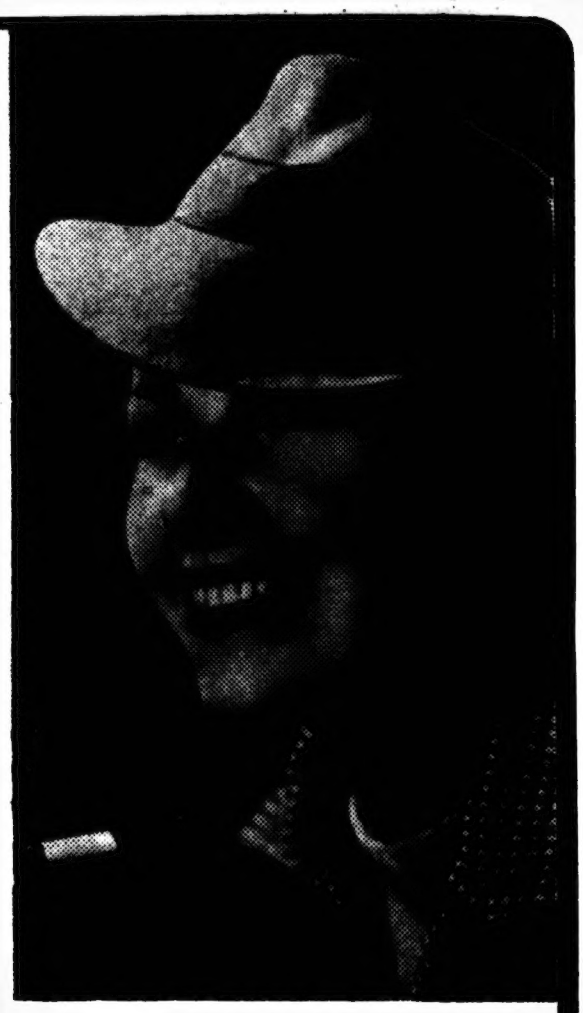

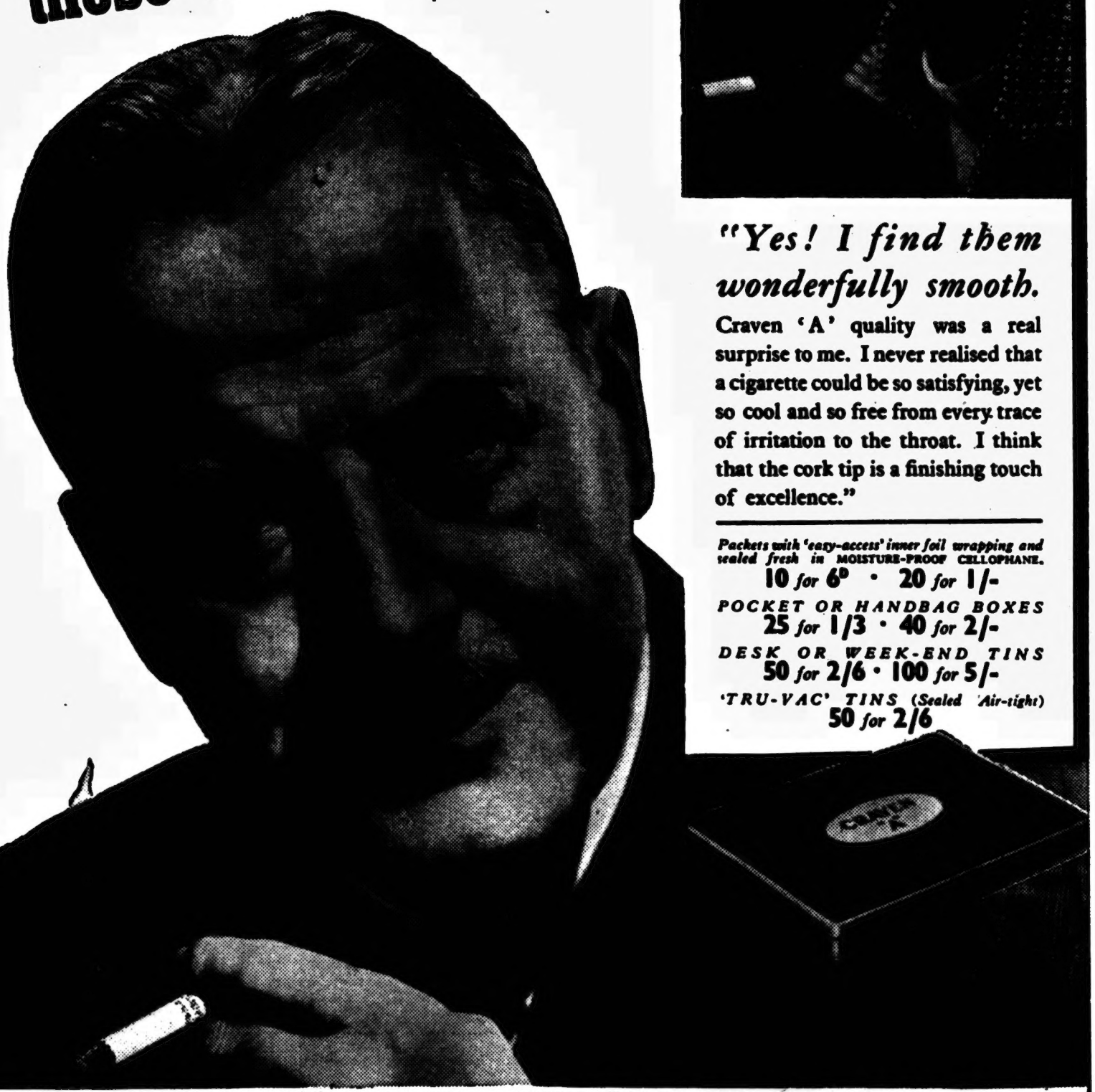

"Yes! I find them wonderfully smooth.

Craven 'A' quality was a real surprise to me. I never realised that a cigarette could be so satisfying, yet so cool and so free from every trace of irritation to the throat. I think that the cork tip is a finishing touch of excellence."

Packets with 'easy-access' inner foil wrapping and sealed fresh in MOISTURE-PROOF CELLOPHANE.

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JOHN BULL

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

C.I.D. Join White Collar Brigade
Smart Set "Corner" the Court
Economaniacs on the Prowl

ONE result of the Government's by-election defeat at Ipswich has been a renewed demand for a re-distribution of seats.

It comes—as you will expect—from various local associations supporting the National Government

And that's the joke.

Share Out the Seats

There were 12,355,655 votes for the Government at the last election. That gave them 435 seats.

There were 10,389,196 against, giving the Opposition 182 seats.

Room for a redistribution of seats certainly. But notice who's suggesting it!

People's Call

Of course there's real need for a re-distribution of seats.

So that the will of the people shall prevail.

Not to enable the will of the boundary-fixers to prevail—and you'll find people in every Party who want to steal a march by a bit of boundary-shifting.

Who Laughs Last!

More puzzling—to you—would have been a joke of Stainless Stephen's the other night.

Appearing at a C.I.D. dinner in a celluloid collar, he told London's assembled detectives: "I've lent my white starched collar and black tie to an inspector."

As it brought the house down, we'll interpret it.

Fancy-Clothes Men

Word has been passed round at Scotland Yard that detective officers—particularly seniors—should always wear starched white collars and black ties.

When they go up for promotion test they are examined to see if they have them on.

Surely the silliest "improvement" of these Public School Policemen days!

Labelling the Police

Trouble is that so many provincial detectives may have to follow—and too many already have to wear suits and boots that make people say: "He looked just like a plain-clothes policeman."

Perhaps you are wondering whether detectives should be stamped as detectives.

Well, why do you think the C.I.D. laughed at the Stainless Stephen joke?

Incognito

On disguises, what about that clerk who has to appear on public platforms as the Hooded Man when exposing the grievances of fellow-clerks?

And the Dorset farm-labourers who, conferring on wages, asked the Press not to give their names, as they wanted to keep their jobs?

Yes, these *are* enlightened days—for some people.

Big-Wig's Moan

They don't look enlightened days to a Stock Exchange big-wig, reported recently as having sold £400,000 worth of Ordinary stock.

Apparently fear of high wages is leading to a big sell-out of Ordinary shares.

Reason, as stated in City circles and reported in financial columns: "Ordinary shareholders are going to be completely sacrificed to the demand for higher wages in industry."

Laugh that one off.

Wages First

One expert, describing those shares as "the cheapest way of raising money," fears they might be brought into disrepute.

Let 'em be. In our opinion, wages come first.

Pay the Signalman

Not that we begrudge holders of railway Ordinaries, for instance, their better times.

It's just that we can't escape thoughts about signalmen appointed to their fourth or fifth boxes drawing the princely wages of 48s. a week.

That with the ghost of Manslaughter always hovering behind the levers!

When Figures Lie

Anyhow, the good news is blazoned that a million British workers have had wage increases this year and only 300 wage-cuts.

Funny, but fully 500 of that 300 have written to us!

Taking their Time

Now throw your mind back to early last year, when it was decided to set up a committee to enquire into the health of London busmen.

Health being always a matter of urgency, you no doubt expected it would be set up without delay.

It has just been appointed, ten months later.

And if present progress is maintained, it will be years over the job.

Snail's Speed-Up

And that, compared with the cases of some committees and commissions whose snail-like progress we have commented on, is real hustle.

Swift Samaritans

People are too apt to blame Civil Servants for any and every Whitehall irritation such as this.

They're wrong. They should blame the system.

While we are criticising Whitehall as a system for being sluggardly, let us tell you how speedy Civil Servants are in doing good.

Whitehall Knocks Them

Did you know that all Government Departments have funds to help depressed areas, that Home Office employees send money to run the first village nursery school, in Durham, and other Departments maintain unemployed centres, providing handicraft materials, collect parcels of clothing, organise Christmas parties for poor children and help in countless other ways?

On top of which Civil Servants get harder knocks from the Whitehall system than you do.

Mean Economy

Economaniacs are urging Civil Service economies ("to maintain a satisfactory Budgetary position in face of increased expenditure on rearmament."

That is the Geddes axe again at the expense of so-called Officialdom.

They put it that way to secure a following. What they always mean is economy at the expense of social services.

"Soldier" Scouts

Manchester Scouts over sixteen have been invited by their district association to undertake certain work under the air-raid precautions scheme as a duty "if they do not fancy the Territorial Army."

And that is causing genuine uneasiness to Scoutmasters who are proud their organisation is a non-military one, and different from the Hitler Youth Movement.

"B.P.'s" View

Our own view is that mention of the Territorials is unfortunate, to say the least.

Parents who allow their boys to become Scouts do so believing that those boys won't be nobbled in any way for military service.

Lord Baden-Powell, who likes to see a Scout become a good soldier, is dead against any use of the organisation as a recruiting service.

Much Ado . . .

And we're dead against the stupidity shown in a form sent by the L.C.C. Education Officer's Department to a reader.

It called him to the board-room of a certain school "to see a member of the Children's Care Committee about your child": leading him to believe there was something seriously wrong with the lad.

It was merely to tell him he owed two bob for attention to the child's teeth, and could he pay?

Little Hitlers

Next month a most innocent-sounding Bill comes before Parliament.

The Journalists Registration Bill is its name—its object, to set up a register of journalists, like that of the doctors, from which they can be struck off for professional misconduct.

Which would be quite all right if so many of our little dictators didn't have the same ideas as Hitler and Mussolini as to what comprises journalistic "professional misconduct."

Muzzling the Press

But notice what has happened in Ceylon, where the *Times of Ceylon* has been deprived of State communications and its representatives refused admission to meetings of the State Councils because it dared to criticise the Deputy-Speaker.

A BRITISH INSTITUTION

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2453.
Thursday, for week ending Saturday, February 26, 1938.

And it had merely accused him of obstruction in regard to a motion for higher police wages.

Autocrats at Large

Remember that there are worse autocrats here than in Ceylon—if they could get their heads.

And a more outspoken journal, if you will forgive our blushes.

Too Smart Set

Again the Smart Set has seized No. 1 Court of the Old Bailey—this time for the Mayfair jewel robbery hearing.

Who are these ticket-holders who crammed every available seat day after day and even confiscated the usher's box?

And how do they escape the public queue?

Thrill Seekers

A journalist once took a court census of his own, during the Thompson-Bywaters trial.

He noted an actor studying "behaviour in the dock," a novelist getting atmosphere, countless butterfly-girls merely in search of a thrill.

A Society hostess had snapped up the seat from which he had to report the proceedings—and he regained it only by sending a private note to the judge.

Crowded Out

Our own special investigator, Stanley Bishop, recalls how "Society" once crowded out counsel and reporters during the hearing of the "Mr. A." case—and they had to enter court *via* the judge's bench to begin the counter-charge that got them their seats.

All for Tuppence

We notice that *diphtheroids, micrococcus catarrhalis, aerobic streptothrix* and other alarming things have been found in public telephone mouthpieces picked out haphazardly at Edinburgh.

You don't have to understand all that to know that you pay your twopence and take a big risk.

MIRACLE OF LIFE

Demand for JOHN BULL's recent presentation, THE MIRACLE OF LIFE, has been without precedent, and the first edition was sold out.

Within a few days an even larger edition was on the press, and the vast modern factory producing it is working day and night.

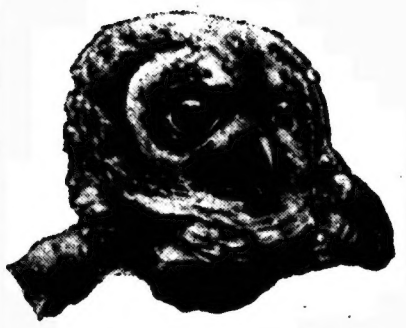
We know that readers will understand that, owing to the phenomenal success of this work, some delay in the despatch of their volumes is unavoidable.

We ask them not to write, but to rest assured that immediately the new edition is ready their books will be despatched in rotation.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Wisdom and folly are two of life's cocktails and here reader-writers mix them for you.

Wisdom



IT'S old fogies who empty churches. Parsons who are real pals fill them.

My parish church has in the Rev. Norman C. Darrell a perfect blend of Dick Sheppard and "Woodbine Willie." Result: There are often Sunday queues, many often being unable to get in.—J. E. K., Newcastle Road, Trent Vale, Stoke-on-Trent.

WISEST man I know has never ceased smiling, although 1,000 *efforts within five years to get a job have all failed.*

"I'm bound to pull it off one day," he says. And that's not only wisdom but real courage.—T. M. Cowban, 1, High Street, Hawick, Roxburghshire.

ALL night long four garage employees toiled to release a 'bus wedged under a low bridge

"Why, haven't you shifted that yet?" asked a schoolboy, who passed the scene next morning. "I could move it in five minutes. Let the wind out of the tyres."

They did. And he went on to school with some unexpected pennies.—Mrs. G. Frost, 38, Amptill Road, Flitwick, Beds.

VARIOUS members of my family always write letters to each other—and to friends—on Sundays. The advent of the postman with cheery news and gossip effectively banishes "that Monday morning feeling"—worst dream of the working week.—Mrs. S. A. Arthur, "Wilbur," Brookwood Road, Millbrook, Hants.

LET'S have a known distress signal for aeroplanes in trouble.

Quite recently a machine wanted to come down on a local football field. We spectators hadn't the least idea it was in difficulties, and a bad accident might have resulted.—J. Stainton, London, N.15. (Please send full address.)

FIFTEEN years ago I used to have milk supplied at school for a penny a glass—served hot in winter, cool in summer.—T. Richardson, 14, Dryden Road, Northampton.

Few schools even to-day serve the milk hot; some still supply no milk whatsoever.

Round Pegs

I was trained in physics and chemistry. I have got a job with an architect.

My pal is trained as an architect, and he works with a firm of accountants.—W. E. Dodd, 7, Holly Place, Chesterton, Staffs.

Some of our greatest lawyers—Lord Chief Justice among them—started as journalists; some of our greatest journalists as lawyers.

God is Love

My little girl has been stricken with infantile paralysis. For twelve months she has been strapped on a frame.

We took her to church and she was three yards from a preacher who thundered that people afflicted must have sinned very greatly, that they couldn't expect to get better until they obeyed the injunction to "go and sin no more."

What sin can she have done?—W. W., Ballam, Lytham, Lancs.

None. You were unfortunate in hitting on a survivor of those old-time parsons who preach the Old Testament idea that plagues, pestilences, earthquakes, sickness are all the visitations of an angry God. Christ said "God is Love."

Hungry Husbands

Travelling home by train last night I heard two girls discussing the opposite sex—which is always interesting to a man.

Imagine my surprise when I heard one say: "Of course he's not married. He looks far too well fed for a married man."—F. M. Smith, 28, Malden Green Avenue, Worcester Park, Surrey.

Anyhow, insurance actuaries and Somerset House agree that married men live longer.

Catchpenny Fares

I pay a penny 'bus fare on week-days and three-halfpence on Saturdays and holidays. Why should this be?—A. Hilton, 251, Dumers Lane, Radcliffe, Manchester.

This is a long-standing grievance in many parts of the country. In some places tram fares to the racecourse jump from 1d. or 2d. to 6d., and even more on race days—even local workers going to jobs having to pay the higher rate.

Open "Secrets"

I am staggered when I read in the newspapers details of our latest fighting aeroplanes. Surely the Press doesn't want to make a free present of such information to foreign Powers all too anxious to get hold of it.—Albert F. Kendall, 192, Ashton Brook Street, Birmingham.

Newspapers are officially supplied with a "Secret List" telling them what machines, etc., they should *not* refer to. Such requests are always respected. Whatever details you read would be details already known to foreign Powers.

Lead, Kindly Light

A policeman's "SOS" is the flashing of his night-duty lamp. So, seeing what I thought were the signals of a colleague in distress, I pedalled my bicycle till I was nearly exhausted.

I am glad there was darkness to hide my blushes when I found I was going hot-foot after North Foreland lighthouse.—George M. West, "The Shanty," Lydden, Margate.

Police whistle is rarely used in these days of "beam" lamps. But there is no substitute for whistle when policeman is surrounded by mob.

It's Unpostable!

Six times since January 28, I have posted the enclosed letter to a relative of the same name as myself.

Every time it has dropped through my letter-box at 7.30 the next morning—a new postmark on it. Please return it, as I want to give the sorting office another look at the address.—H. H., Sussex.

Not wishing to pillory the sorter, we have taken the liberty of suppressing our reader's name and address, although the facts are as stated.

Shock Tactics

"I jumped out of my shoes" is not a mere phrase. When I saw a mouse recently I did jump out of my shoes, as the shoemaker opposite—who put new buttons on the straps—will confirm.

I can only suppose that sudden fear expands the insteps—Miss Violet Orford, 7, South Road, London, S.W.19.

Fear drives blood to the heart, causing paleness, accelerated heart-beat, raising of the hair and other physical changes. Excitement brings people to their toes. That might burst their shoes.

Noah Knew

JOHN BULL asks: "What's in a name?" Well, I sell dogs, and a man who I instantly recognised as Noah Beery, brother of Wallace Beery, my favourite film hero, bought one from me recently.

He waved aside a proffered pedigree with the words: "What's in a pedigree? It's this little chap I want."—Charles Newson, 15, York Row, London, E.

One of leading breeders of pedigree dogs calls the animals he exhibits at leading shows "my stock-in-trade"—the shaggy mongrel which is barred admission to show-halls, "my dog."

Virtue Unrewarded

I am one of that much-maligned band—commercial travellers. We are supposed to be hard-drinking, loose-living sons of Ananias.

But most I meet are teetotal; rush home to their wives eagerly; are too busy to flirt, even if they had the inclination.

Folly

WE have just been told that we cannot exhume our dog, buried near the garden gate, to move it to another part of the garden. "You will need a special order from the Home Office," we are instructed.—Mrs. Daniels, 133, Long Lane, Orford, Warrington.

R.S.P.C.A. says order to exhume any pet must be got from Ministry of Agriculture, not Home Office.

A NIGHT telephone exchange operator was found dead at his board recently. Spasmodic night rushes often produce complete collapse in telephonists working a whole exchange single-handed at night.

What folly on the part of the authorities to put one-operator staffs to work in frenzy for hour after hour.—Operator, Devon.

TO be answered by the applicant HIMSELF:

"Full Name..... Sex....."

Believe it or not, that actually appears on the form I have been sent in reply to my application for a Heavy Goods Licence.—W. E. Love, Meadowcroft, Hullbridge, Hockley, Essex.

OH, the folly of working out on paper just how much a family can exist on. The point, surely, is how much it can live on.

Out of work for four years. I seek the right to read, to dress properly so that my children shall not grow up with the image of shabby-dressed parents stamped on their minds.—M.W., Mutley, Plymouth.

I WROTE a play in conjunction with a parson, and was delighted when it attracted 19s. 8d. to the "box-office" of a little mission hall.

Now I learn that we should have submitted it to the Censor—reading fee, two guineas!—R. J. H., Grange Road, Woodthorpe, Nottingham.

In other words, not as red-nosed comedians paint them.—J. A. Ward, 130, Cartmell Road, Sheffield, 8.

Police Court missionaries say all sorts of nondescripts give commercial traveller as their occupation when arrested. Hence that "bad name."

Home or Away?

Edinburgh Hibernians and Leith Athletic are Scottish League Clubs.

The former has its ground in Easter Road Park, Leith, the latter in Meadowbank, Edinburgh, which means that if they met the *away* team would be playing at *home*.—John Nangle, 150, Dumbiedykes Road, Edinburgh.

But not for football pool purposes, we are informed. A team is playing at home when on its own ground.

Broadcasting Mice

My friend has at last found the cause of the squeaks made by his wireless sets.

There was a nest of mice inside. Nest awaits any inspection.—Ephraim Best, 22, Union Street, Portadown, Co. Armagh.

Undoubtedly harvest mice, which put warmth and seclusion first in building their nests, and of which scientists say: "They sing musically in a high key with a thin and wiry quality not unlike a weak-voiced canary."

An excellent opportunity . . .

awaits you on this page. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published, and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your photograph or drawing illustrating the story.

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Mark your envelope "Voice of the People."

Address your communication to JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. And there are other pages where your co-operation is cordially welcomed—pages where you can help us to help you. . . .

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WHAT I HATE MOST

● Storm Jameson

here denounces the callous indifference with which the world to-day tolerates hideous cruelty to young children.

Waiting for parents who will never come are these three children who huddle among the family belongings after an air raid that wrecked their home in Madrid

SUFFER . . Little Children

WE are told so often that cruelty is a fact in nature that we have begun to believe the words mean something mythical, which excuses us from the things we do to one another.

Yet, so far as I know, rats are the only animals that war on their own kind. Swine are the only ones that do not cherish and protect their young.

In nature, men and women are among the creatures most careless of their children.

And it is odd—and not pleasant to contemplate—that the crudest forms of cruelty can be inflicted on children with far greater impunity than crimes against property.

Beat your child and torture it for months and you will be less severely dealt with than if you forge or steal.

Prison no cure

The factory owner of not so long ago who employed babies of five and six, so that they died or grew up maimed, was never punished.

But a man who destroyed one of his machines was transported.

Earlier still, we used to hang children for stealing trifles. Yes, hang them.

These things are an extreme form of the want of imagination which breeds acts of cruelty. Lack of imagination in this degree is a disease.

The man and wife who fastened their three-year-old child to a bed and left him there for three days without food or water as a punishment for some offence were diseased.

Punishment meted out to them—imprisonment. That will not cure them.

Where did they get this awful disease? In their own childhood? Whose is the *ultimate* responsibility?

And what, do you think, goes on in the minds of an airman who—flying low enough to *see* his victims—machine-guns little children as they run out of the streets he has first destroyed with his bombs? This has been done in Spain.

Are you sure that if this country were at war our young airmen would not find themselves behaving in just the same way?

What would be in their minds as they did it? I'm not going to answer the question for you. Think of the answer yourself.

Next think that we are all of us able to perform some mental trick—a kind of short-circuiting of emotion—which allows us to take part in cruelties without dying of shame. We do it every day. You and I, who would cut our hands off sooner than beat a child or blow it to pieces with red-hot steel, do nevertheless every day join in acts of bitter cruelty to children.

Children of fourteen work in factories where they are so tired by the middle of the afternoon they fall asleep.

Sometimes they fall into the machinery and are maimed.

Girls of fourteen are allowed to serve in shops from nine in the morning until nine at night.

We watch an overladen errand boy stagger up to our back doors with goods.

Do we compare his lot with that of our own son, who is at school still, and will be for years more, learning, playing games, living the normal life of a child?

Normal for some children, that is.

For an infinite number of others their normal life is one of hard, poorly-paid toil, beginning at an age when neither mind nor body are able to carry the burdens we fasten on them by our indifference.

A middle-class mother, eager to give her baby the best of everything, good milk, orange juice, cod-liver oil in winter, strained vegetables, spends not less than six shillings a week on the child's food alone.

The wife of an unemployed man is allowed three shillings for everything her baby needs.

What would you do if you had to bring up your baby on three shillings for his food, clothes, soap, everything?

It is not only the children of the unemployed to whom we behave with savage cruelty.

Figures supplied by Sir John Orr show that 50 per cent. of our population has less to spend on food than will suffice to keep them in ordinary health.

Condemned to starve

Men work long hours, their wives starve themselves, and still the towns, cities, and villages of this rich country are full of half-nourished children.

Children who are always half-hungry because such food as they get does not satisfy them.

Could you for one week, one day, let your own child live on bread, dripping, tea, a little (probably tainted) meat, and nothing else?

But it doesn't keep you awake to think of all the children who are condemned to this from their birth.

Isn't that cruelty? Certainly it is.

If it were your will that *no* child should lack the good wholesome food it needs then you could impose your will. Food is not lacking. What is missing is the will to distribute it fairly. This is an old and hoary cruelty, this daily starving of children, and not less monstrous for being old. It drags with it all kinds of lesser and meaner cruelties.

Must one forgive the well-to-do woman who complains that poor mothers will sometimes give their children pennies for sweets? What kind of a childhood did she have herself that her heart has now withered in her to this dead stone?

I have found it hard, too, to forgive the people who have written of the Basque children in this country as if they were some species of strange and dangerous animal.

After long argument, and as if we were undertaking a great and heroic task, we bring over here a few thousand of the children threatened with the fate of those of Guernica.

Yet there are men and women who complain as if we had brought the plague.

One woman writes to the Press to say that the neighbourhood of her house has been "defaced and spoiled" by a camp where these children are living.

A town near the house to which some of them have been brought refuses to admit them.

If it were not that they have been shown much kindness as well, this deliberate and reasoned cruelty would be unbearable.

Every adult has some defence in his mind against injustice and disappointment. A child has none. So day by day innumerable children in this country are cheated out of their lives while we look on.

For one child two nurseries, fresh, cool or warm air, amusements, life opening out more widely with each day.

Fodder for factories

For another, with just as much capacity for joy and suffering, a bed it shares with two others, pushed against the damp wall of a basement.

Perhaps the wall is verminous, so that all night long the child is tormented, and every day brings it a little nearer when it will exchange the pavement (its day nursery) for the factory, the back-board of a van, the shop counter.

That is if it survives. In the well-to-do ward of Chelsea the infantile mortality rate is 23 per 1,000 births. In the poor ward next to it the rate is 70.

We starve children's minds as well as their bodies.

The son of a rich woman gets a prolonged education whether he is fitted for it or not.

The son of a poor woman, if he is especially intelligent, may with a great effort and by the sacrifice of his parents get almost as much.

But it is made as hard for him as possible.

Our new Education Act, which was going to give every child an education up to fifteen, has been so altered that many children, and those usually the brightest, will be leaving just the same at fourteen.

Lest industry should be deprived of its cheap labour any child may leave at the earlier age if he or she can get employment. This makes the Act a dead-letter from the start.

If there were only one child in the whole country who was half-hungry, kept in a filthy room, made to work like a dog at an age when others were still learning and playing, we should all be so ashamed that we should go miles out of our way to avoid seeing this poor creature.

But we accept without a tremor the existence of a million such victims of our indifference, our want of imagination, our inhumanity.

Everything we most fear to-day, the destruction in war or decay of our whole civilisation, springs from the root of our hideous cruelty to children.

And if you think with honesty for a moment you will see that this is so, and why it is

Christopher Lonsdale, associate of unprincipled Society people who, through idleness and a need to secure large funds for their hectic amusements and intrigues, drift into criminal practices. He has just been sent to jail

A New Kind of Crook is

Mayfair's Playboys of Crime

by a

"John Bull" Special Investigator

BEHIND the recent trial at the Old Bailey of four young public school men charged together with the sensational jewel robbery at the Hyde Park Hotel, London, lies an extraordinary story.

It concerns a strange underworld in the heart of fashionable, Society London.

Men and women of good birth and education have become enemies of the community.

Robert Paul Harley, who nicknamed himself "The Killer," posed as a "real tough guy," and described himself as a journalist.

David Wilmer took the title of advertising agent.

Peter Martin Jenkins was a self-constituted "financier"; and John Christopher Mainwaring Lonsdale was an "agent"—whatever that may mean.

They stood together in the dock of famous Court Number One, just unpleasant types of the dishonest, dissolute, free-living Mayfair "playboys."

Those four were caught and put upon their trial.

But there are others—and many others—of the same kidney, posturing and finicking through the West End, who, so far, have escaped arrest and severe punishment for their various flagrant misdeeds.

Through the proceedings at the Old Bailey the public learned something of London's Society crime section, and read extracts from the lives of the four culprits.

In this article JOHN BULL probes deeper into the Mayfair scandal, and makes revelation of what is happening at the present time.

Hectic Intrigues

For the truth should be known: There is an ever-growing company of young, unprincipled Society people who through idleness and a need to secure large funds for their hectic amusements and intrigues are drifting into criminal practices.

Using them, and working through them, are several experienced, hardened crooks. These men pull the strings and direct operations. They hide themselves behind a screen of young assistants.

One such adventurer was largely responsible for the downward track of Christopher Lonsdale. For more than a year past Lonsdale was the close associate of this man, who lives in a luxury flat behind Piccadilly.

Many enquiries have been lodged at New Scotland Yard about this particular individual. He is suspected of having made more than £200,000 by different clever swindles.

Young Lonsdale was an able intermediary in a scheme to run arms and munitions to Spain. A number of people were induced to subscribe money to finance this undertaking on a promise of a handsome return on investment.

Hardly necessary to add that the gun-running was abortive. No arms were purchased despite Lonsdale's several journeys to the Continent.

For a considerable time detectives of the Special Branch of Scotland Yard were keeping observation on Lonsdale and others in regard to this escapade.

Many of the Mayfair "crime set" act as "commission boys" for share-pushers and money-lenders. For all clients they introduce they receive substantial payment.

Complaint of this kind of operation was lately laid before the police by a titled woman of means.

Through a young man about town she was led to entrust £5,000 to a man who posed as an ex-officer of a Highland regiment, and declared that he was in business as a broker in the City of London.

He promised to double the woman's investments. Actually she lost the whole of her £5,000. The introducing medium received a fee of £400 for his part in the sorry business.

In another instance a baronet was robbed of more than £15,000 by a similar procedure. He was advised that he could prosecute, but decided to accept his loss rather than face the inevitable publicity of any action and disclose his foolishness.

The financier in this case was an individual notorious for his share-pushing activities. Not long ago he fled the country. The Mayfair "commission boy" who assisted in victimising the wealthy baronet was a young man who had a suite in a Park Lane hotel, and was living at the rate of £20,000 per annum—money obtained through the exploitation of his Society friends.

Blackmail has always been a source of income to a particular Mayfair set.

That much was proved by Chief Detective-Inspector Parker, of Scotland Yard, when he weeded out a nest of blackmailers who made their headquarters in a West End café presided over by debonair, wavy-haired dance instructor, Harry Raymond.

Hush money demands

Young men on the fringe of society were employed by Raymond to inveigle more elderly and wealthy men into compromising situations. Then the screw was turned. Hush money was levied and the agents received their share in payment for services rendered.

Linked with the blackmail practitioners is a man of ill-repute, a known drug addict, who was co-respondent in a particularly scandalous divorce suit, which drew scathing comments from the learned judge who heard the petition.

He and his associates compromised a wealthy colonial after a supper party. Before the matter was brought to the notice of the police, large sums of money were paid on the pretext that they were personal loans.

The sufferer in this case absolutely refused to let proceedings go forward. He said that no matter what precautions of anonymity were taken he would be recognised and ruined.

Conduct at some of the lately held Mayfair parties is beyond belief in offensiveness.

A hostess who suffered in this respect went to the police and asked that something might be done to keep the ringleaders in subjection. She gave examples—how a young woman, in a drunken condition, was stripped and made to dance on a table-top in view of the company.

"Millionaires" bang

It was explained that the police were powerless to act unless definite charges of assault were laid.

A similar occurrence at another party involved a young Australian actress. She was grievously assaulted.

In this instance compensation was paid to prevent a subsequent prosecution, for the girl was prepared to go to the police and carry her man-handling charges before a magistrate.

On the fringe of the Mayfair crime ring is an organisation which goes by the name of the "Shaftesbury Millionaires."

The men who form this gang operate from headquarters in Shaftesbury Avenue. They finance gambling resorts and have been suspected of blackmail. Certain of the fast Mayfair set are on the pay-roll of the "Shaftesbury Millionaires." It is their duty to bring rich clients to the gaming houses.

One of the "Millionaires" rents a series of flats in the West End, which he uses for all kinds of dissolute and unpleasant parties. Each flat in turn becomes a miniature casino with roulette and baccarat rooms.

A victim of the "Shaftesbury Millionaires" and their Mayfair assistants recently commited suicide in Paris after having wasted a fortune inherited from an uncle.

Scotland Yard, at the instance of

Preying on London Society

Young men in Society plot to inveigle more elderly and wealthy men into compromising situations

the relatives, made full enquiry into the young man's method of life in London. Detectives gathered a great deal of significant information, but nothing could be done, as the chief witness of the alleged offences had died by his own hand.

When these tragedies occur a public light is thrown on the futility and wickedness of the hectic Mayfair existence.

Peter Dawson, a typical "playboy," committed suicide because he found there was no flavour left to him in life. He said before his end that continued existence had no meaning whatever for him. Yet Dawson was a popular figure in the West End of London; a favourite of the night clubs and bottle parties.

Shortly before his death he announced to his intimates that he was engaged "on confidential Government work," which, according to him, consisted of an endeavour to trace drug traffickers.

Of course, there was no truth whatever in Dawson's assertion. But he certainly did get on the inside of the drug peddling which is still persistent in London. He learned too much for his tired soul to bear.

Bankruptcy proceedings illustrate the extent to which the dubious Mayfair fraternity victimise traders and hotel companies.

£700 wine bill

Liabilities £123,000, and assets 8s. 2d. was the outrageous position of a youngster whose unfortunate creditors took him to Carey Street. The debtor, when adjudicated bankrupt, *was only twenty-three years of age.*

The parties which he gave were a by-word in the West End. On one occasion he borrowed the flat of a relative for his entertaining. More than 700 guests—many of them not invited—arrived at the place and consumed no less than 1,000 bottles of champagne and other wine. The bill for wine alone totalled £700.

Damage to the extent of £250 was caused in the flat by the uncontrolled exuberance of the visitors.

The party carried on from six o'clock one evening until the following night.

A habit of this waster was to carry a sword-stick when walking the streets. In his wild moments he would draw the sword and use it for slicing the coach-work of taxi-cabs. He had to pay for this strange pastime.

Names of eminent people are frequently used by the Mayfair "gangsters" for their own purposes. Some of the victims in this respect probably never know how wantonly their names have been bandied about.

Evidence is now being collected by the authorities relating to a financial enterprise in which the name of Prince Starhemberg, leader of the Austrian semi-military Fascist organisation, was given as a guarantee of good faith.

Prince Starhemberg was said quite untruly to have been backing the scheme. The idea was to sell aeroplanes and arms to the Prince's organisation at a huge profit.

During the past eighteen months money has been obtained under various devices by a well-connected young Mayfair man whose real name is Robert Young.

He was twenty-two when he first came to London, and quickly became drawn into the fastest Mayfair set. He was a conspicuous figure at exotic "impersonation," "mock marriage," and "slimming" parties.

When, after being disowned by his family, his allowance was stopped, Young began masquerading as the son of a duke. He also posed, at one stage, as a relative of the Royal Family.

Women fleeced

He imposed on a number of women, from whom he secured considerable sums of money. In several instances he proposed marriage to the women, who thought that in due course they would marry into the peerage.

Although many complaints were received at Scotland Yard about his activities, the more heavily fleeced of his victims refused to prosecute. Recently, however, Young was proceeded against on a minor charge, and sentenced to a short term of imprisonment.

An aspect of Mayfair endeavour to gain easy money is the charity-gambling racket.

It is known that with some of these affairs a band of the Mayfair undesirables is behind all the arrangements.

They borrow suitable premises, induce an influential woman to lend her name to the charity appeal, and then gather in by invitation and personal persuasion wealthy individuals who have the gambling craze.

Expenses of such a function are heavy. The secret organisers take their "corner" throughout: a percentage from the caterers employed; a percentage on the number of visitors who attend, and an overriding percentage on the money staked at the tables, plus direct payment for their own services.

And it normally happens that in the end the charity receives comparatively little as a result of the effort. The spoils have been taken in advance by the spongers.

So the story, which is a discredit to London Society, runs through a gamut of debauchery, dishonesty and coarser crime.

The four young men in the Old Bailey dock before the Lord Chief Justice of England represent a class among whom, unfortunately, there are only too many idle, unprincipled and self-indulgent persons, who will stop at nothing to live a life of easy luxury.

The trial at the Old Bailey provides a significant lesson.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

SOFTEST JOB IN THE WORLD

CRITICISM is the easiest job in the world.

Anyone can find fault, and since perfection is the scarcest thing in the world, opportunities for finding fault are never lacking.

For every thousand people who can tell you what is wrong, you will not find one who can tell you what to do to put it right. Thinking out practical remedies is hard work—and few people like that.

Nevertheless, that should be our job—to see what we can do to help put things straight.

And if you think the task is beyond you, forget it. You can do as much as anyone else.

"Possibly," said Dickens, "we might even improve the world a little if we got up early in the morning and took our coats off to our work." He knew!

Perhaps the safest rule in life is never to say what is wrong about anyone or anything, unless you are prepared with a constructive suggestion to remedy what you consider to be a fault.

The next thing to bear in mind is that you should make very sure that the matter is your business before you say anything.

Criticism, you see, unless it is well-informed, full of irrefutable facts, primed with knowledge and seething with constructive ideas, is a very negative form of thinking.

Positive, forward-looking thought, constructive thought, is the only sort that can, in the end, help you or anyone else.

Mummy says—

I'm the best advertisement for FRY'S COCOA

She gives him Fry's . . .

because the valuable nourishment in Fry's helps to build up sturdy young bodies

and because Fry's is a particularly light digestive cocoa—and children love its chocolate flavour.

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Remember, 'ASPRO' serves all and suits all. All can take it from child to parent. In addition to its other medicinal qualities 'ASPRO' has valuable antiseptic properties. Used as a gargle it will banish sore throats and protect you against infection. The prices are within the reach of all.

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Slay the Big Bad Property Wolf!

Parliament will soon make law a Bill to protect leaseholders against the ground rent racketeers, whose activities "John Bull" was the first to expose.

This article reveals the amazing scale on which these wolves of finance are working.

***by* W. H. Mainwaring, M.P.**

SINCE I entered Parliament I have recognised one clear signal of the sincerity and efficacy of democratic government.

It is the way in which the temper of the House of Commons rises whenever Members of any Party make known the existence of a social evil that springs from the exploitation of what was intended to be beneficent legislation.

For a long time the House listens calmly and judicially to the presentation of facts.

Then the atmosphere becomes charged with an emotion that is not expressed in words.

It radiates from the benches in waves. The M.P.s are getting angry.

Never have I seen this mass anger more intense than a few days ago, when we debated and, without a dissenting voice, gave a Second Reading to the Leasehold Property (Repairs) Bill—a measure designed to bring urgently-needed protection to millions of working and middle-class homes.

It is a Private Member's Bill. Too often, perhaps, these Bills are treated light-heartedly in the Commons.

There was nothing like that in the reception given to this one.

As Members heard the truth—told with moderation and restraint—their astonishment was obvious.

Dismay followed. Then cold rage was produced by the full realisation of implications behind the allegations.

"Intimidation," "Blackmail," "Rapacity," "Vile combinations," "Vultures," "Villainy," "Scoundrelism."

These are only a few of the terms heard in the Chamber describing an assault that is being made all over the country by heartless financiers on the welfare of poor and defenceless folk.

THIS tyranny is a direct consequence of the breaking-up of large estates in industrial areas and the purchase of the ground rents by mushroom syndicates.

When they buy, these financial wolves have no intention of becoming landlords in any ordinary or permanent sense. That is their last thought.

Their aim is quick and tremendous profits by coercing the occupiers to purchase freehold rights at an exorbitant figure under threat of High Court action, forfeiture of their leases and loss of their homes.

Legally helpless, occupiers are crushed and ground by demands, made under their lease covenants, to put their property in complete repair at impossible cost.

Usually, repairs ordered to be done are quite unnecessary.

Indeed, specifications presented to them are nearly always wholly fictitious—in many cases catalogues which include hundreds of items, down to the last coat of paint and the removal of knots from timber.

As a result, whole streets—in some parts of the country, whole townships—of people find they are clinging to their homes and small business premises by slender threads which may snap at any moment.

As the law stands, they are powerless to resist the onslaught.

There have been suicides. Clergymen have denounced the scandal from the pulpits.

Only this week I learned of a typical case in the Kennington district of London where a widow had bought the lease of her small home and spent £150 on repairs.

Three months ago the house was declared by the council surveyor to be in first-class condition.

Now she is being heartlessly harried by an upstart firm which has purchased the ground rent. She has orders to spend £200 more—with the choice of buying the ground rent at their price or surrendering the house!

I FIRST became aware of this amazing ramp from the pages of JOHN BULL.

But, frankly, when I read the exposures of the tragedy wrought among leaseholders I was incredulous.

It seemed impossible that such things could be . . . that such blackmailing plunder could have the benediction of the Law.

But it was not long before I had reason to be vividly aware of the truth JOHN BULL had made known.

Round my own constituency in South Wales a big-scale offensive against leaseholders was launched.

Many of my Parliamentary colleagues were also awakening to reality. They, too, were getting voluminous first-hand evidence from their own areas of the vastness of the conspiracy.

I sought an interview with Major-General Sir Wyndham Childs, chief of the Investigation Department of JOHN BULL.

What he told me, and the evidence he produced from enquiries made throughout the kingdom, were appalling.

Until now landlords in mining areas have guaranteed compensation to tenants whose homes, like these, have been menaced by subsidences. Ground rent syndicates, however, refuse this protection

One fact, I think, ought to be placed on record.

Until the last few days, JOHN BULL, alone among the Press of Britain, laid bare the overwhelming truth about the devilry that is afoot.

The Bill, now read for a second time in the House, is the outcome. It has the commendation of the Government.

Beyond all doubt it will soon be on the Statute Book.

No longer will gamblers and speculators be permitted to use the homes and happiness of ordinary folk as their stakes.

When the Bill becomes law, every leaseholder, big or small, will be protected.

Landlords must first satisfy local courts—the word "local" is most important—that their demands for the rehabilitation of property are legitimate and not excessive.

Fellow-Members of Parliament and I set out to follow across Britain the trail of the wolves of finance.

We made grim discoveries.

When the scandal was exposed in the House of Commons the other day, even the most reactionary defenders of the land-owning system joined in the anger against it.

That is why there was complete unanimity to end the iniquity which JOHN BULL was first to expose.

It is being perpetrated in the Midlands, the industrial North and around London.

But nowhere more savagely than in South Wales, where every town and every valley is affected to some degree.

While working for the miners I have had to attend hundreds of meetings held under the saddest circumstances.

Never have I had experiences so heartbreaking as at those gatherings in my own districts, where people are threatened with loss of their homes and forfeiture of years of sacrifice and thrift.

There, as elsewhere in the country, more than one-half of them are old-age pensioners, widows, spinsters or unemployed.

OF the remainder, most have only irregular work.

Not only have these humble people been held to ransom by impossible demands for supposed dilapidations.

Efforts have also been made to take away from them the safeguard they have against the destruction of their homes by subsidence and undermining—an ever-present menace in most coal-producing communities.

Until now the owners of the big estates being broken up and sold to financial syndicates have invariably given guarantees to leaseholders that they would be compensated for damage to their homes by ground collapse.

Now the rapacious financiers have struck this clause from the leases, and, in addition, try to force the tenant to buy the freehold rights under threat of losing all.

Next to the cruelty of the financiers, I was most amazed throughout my enquiries by the extent to which they were aided by solicitors.

So clever have been the home plunderers that even shrewd lawyers have, unwittingly, been persuaded to carry out their designs.

Simple justice for leaseholders is the object of the reform we are seeking to achieve.

Its success is assured.

Playing with Fire

WE all know how young children love to play with fire.

A boy of six, son of a Lancashire reader, was striking matches on the floor of an upper room in his home and accidentally set light to some paper.

In a few minutes the room was filled with smoke from the smouldering fire.

Presently the sheets and blankets of a bed in which a baby boy of three was lying caught fire and the child was nearly choked by fumes.

The grandfather of the children heard their screams and ran to their room.

He groped through the smoke, seized the boys and brought them to safety.

Then he collapsed, but a few minutes later, with a wet towel wrapped round his head, he again entered the room and carried out the smouldering bedclothes.

Both the boys were burned and had to have medical attention.

Their mother, a reader of JOHN BULL, had wisely registered for the varied protections given under our Free Insurance scheme and wrote to us applying for help to replace the damaged goods.

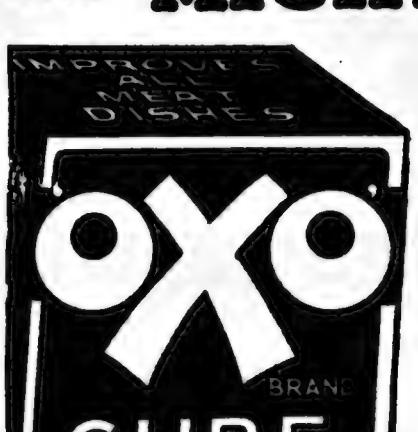
On receiving our cheque she wrote:

"I am very grateful for what you have done to help me to replace the goods destroyed by the fire. I have often read of such cases in JOHN BULL, but never thought it would come my turn."

Once more we remind our readers that JOHN BULL is the *only* newspaper in the world to safeguard its readers against Fire, Storm, Flood and Sickness, as well as giving numerous Accident Benefits.

It is the work of a moment. Fill in the Coupons which you will find on page 37.

The "MIGHTY ATOM"



The rich beef-goodness of Oxo adds strength and flavour, and enables you to get more nourishment from other foods as well.

Makes GOOD Cooking Better

OXO

4/38

THE GOODNESS OF BEEF

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2 TABLETS OF PHENSIC

Banish the Nagging PAIN of

NEURALGIA

Blissful relief from the torture of Neuralgia within a few minutes... shooting and stabbing pains stopped like magic! PHENSIC gives you this quick, safe, comforting relief without reaction because of its five scientifically balanced ingredients. Doctors and Nurses recommend PHENSIC as the safe, combined pain-killer and tonic. Don't suffer pain when PHENSIC can bring you swift relief. Sold everywhere.

3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-.

For Headaches NEURITIS Rheumatism LUMBAGO COLDS CHILLS & 'FLU take

Phensic

Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK' *Brand*

The Wonderful Tablets that Drive out PAIN

PUT YOURSELF IN HER PLACE

Magnesia Whitens Teeth

The woman whose smile reveals such uncommonly white teeth! You can get yours just as white: anybody's teeth can be whitened with a certain brand of magnesia. It has been found that 'Milk of Magnesia' sets up a harmless chemistry in the mouth which counteracts the acid discoloration of tooth enamel. It even removes the deep yellow stains of tobacco!

You can have your teeth a natural white in less than a month, and keep them that way. No matter how badly discoloured they may be now.

It isn't any trouble, takes no extra time, because you can get the proper ingredients in a toothpaste. Phillips' Dental Magnesia contains seventy-five per cent. 'Milk of Magnesia,' and if you use it even one week your teeth will be very perceptibly whiter. Ask any chemist for Phillips' Dental Magnesia, and watch what it does. Twelve thousand dentists are recommending this dentifrice. Not so much for its amazing whitening properties, but because of the protection against decay. The high 'Milk of Magnesia' content neutralizes the mouth acids that eat into the enamel. Tartar gets no chance to form. Even the gumline is protected.

Keep the mouth alkaline, and you will have sound teeth when old. To say nothing of their whiteness all the time. Remember, 'Milk of Magnesia' is the brand of magnesia that will wash away all discolorations, and only one paste has it—Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

All chemists have this dentifrice that whitens teeth. Thousands of people have changed over to it. The words 'Milk of Magnesia' referred to by the writer of this article constitute the trade mark distinguishing Phillips' preparation of Magnesia as originally prepared by The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. To obtain the dentifrice recommended, ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Price 6d., 10½d., 1/6 the tube of all chemists and stores.

How Professor Polland, the celebrated dermatologist of Graz University, Austria, prescribes for

DANDRUFF

Professor Polland writes, 'Dandruff is the first sign that the hair roots are being starved of their natural food, which condition, unless checked, leads eventually to baldness. This natural food has been prepared in a convenient form—Silvikrin—and for this reason I prescribe Silvikrin in such cases.'

Mr. Whittle (read his letter below) was badly troubled with dandruff and falling hair. See what a healthy head of hair he now has.

What Mr. Whittle is examining through the microscope—a section of the scalp showing the bulbous hair 'root' that can come right out. The real root is the fibrous growth underneath—it is this that Silvikrin nourishes.

Pembroke Buildings,
2 James Street,
Cardiff.

For some time I have been troubled with dandruff and falling hair. Three days after starting a Silvikrin treatment (Silvikrin Lotion and Shampoo) the dandruff vanished. After ten days' daily massage with the lotion, my hair ceased falling, and now after three weeks' treatment I have a fine head of hair.

(signed) Thomas W. Whittle.

WHAT YOU NEED

For dandruff—hair beginning to fall. To keep the scalp healthy, strengthen the hair and bring out its natural beauty—
Ask for SILVIKRIN LOTION

For severe dandruff, serious falling hair, bald patches. To restore healthy new hair growth use the concentrated natural organic hair food—
Ask for PURE SILVIKRIN

Obtainable from all chemists, hairdressers and stores.

Silvikrin is the triumph of a great research worker, Dr. Weidner. He discovered the fourteen separate and distinct organic elements that the hair should be getting for healthy growth from the blood stream. And he succeeded in putting these up, in Nature's exact proportions, in Silvikrin. Doctors all over the world have *proved* that Silvikrin prevents falling hair, clears up dandruff, and if the root is still alive, *actually makes hair grow.*

Look up your hair trouble in the table on the left—see what you need—and get your Silvikrin to-day!

Silvikrin DOES GROW HAIR

L-46-H

When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 27.

Why not be a Salesman and Earn what You are Worth?

Every year 4,000 ambitious men start careers "on the road," where they have opportunities for earning much bigger money than in dead-end jobs.

Why not be one of these men? You can qualify by interesting home study, after which we will provide you with

Introductions to SALARIED Posts.

Hundreds of men who have never sold anything before have been successfully introduced by us to good salaried posts.

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY

WALLACE ATTWOOD COLLEGE, Ltd., Dept. J.B.1, Victoria House, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

Please send me, free of cost or obligation: "The Profession of Salesmanship."

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Without Fear or Favour

Drowning Britain

AGAIN the Fens are flooded. Ten thousand families imperilled, hundreds of thousands of acres left defenceless against the gale-driven sea.

Land so fertile that it is eyed with envy by foreigners, yet allowed to face ruin while Whitehall tells farmers to grow more food!

This is what is happening in Fenland. Turn to page 32 and read what is happening round our coasts.

Nothing unusual in floods.

They visit some districts every winter.

Our rulers don't care. So millions of pounds are lost, fine cattle drowned, families stranded without food or fuel.

Many of these people know drought, too.

For them in summer drinking-water must come from stagnant pools or condemned wells.

Even big cities have their supplies rationed.

We know how to end both drought and flood.

Yet vast amounts of capital are awaiting investment and armies of men are looking desperately for work.

Why, in the name of sanity, are not money and men brought together to drain our land, span it with a water grid, and thus prevent suffering and increase prosperity at the same time?

Machine Slaves

"WE are creating new diseases as we go on," complains Sir Walter Citrine.

He is talking about the speed-up in industry, and he is right.

Doctors say we are becoming a nation of neurasthenics, so alarmingly are nervous troubles increasing among our workers.

Men on high-pressure processes are worn-out at forty.

Then there is only the scrap-heap for them.

Girls in some factories cannot stop their hands twitching when they get home. Nervous exhaustion is common among them.

Day by day the pace of the machines grows faster.

More goods in less time! More human crocks!

Employers assert that speed is essential to meet foreign competition.

But, if machines can't be slowed down, hours can be made shorter, rest-periods allowed in morning and afternoon.

This can be done.

First Offenders

SIR SAMUEL HOARE is a go-ahead Home Secretary. He is bringing light into our gloomy jails.

Not only improved lighting facilities, but better food and clothing.

Not good enough, Sir Samuel!

The promised Reform Bill should include long-needed reforms about which no promise has been made.

In our prisons for first offenders, men whose only crime is debt, young folk guilty of petty offences, are herded indiscriminately with blackmailers and thugs.

That is the worst blot on our prison system.

Unless Sir Samuel prevents first offenders from being contaminated by the nation's scum, from being incarcerated in a degrading atmosphere, he will fail in his aim.

Now fight for our Wireless Cinderella — Television — Sir John!

OPEN LETTERS

Sir JOHN REITH,
Director-General, B.B.C.

DEAR SIR JOHN,—The world agrees that your sound broadcasting system is the finest it knows. Sometimes we grumble at the weakness of your programmes. But all admire the strength of personality that built the B.B.C.

You started in a borrowed room with the backing of only a handful of business men. Yet in a few months you built a national chain of six stations from London to Glasgow. Now in television you have a second chance to show what wonders you can achieve. A pity the same private enterprise is not behind you!

Alexandra Palace started broadcasting television eighteen months ago. Yet despite earnings of over £4,000,000 a year, and with our great Government behind you, only comparatively few people could receive television—if they could afford television receivers.

Your experts say that television reaches only thirty miles round Alexandra Palace. All the same, it has been received in Birmingham and Brighton.

Does this not suggest that with stations at Manchester and Glasgow practically all your listeners could become viewers as well?

We are leading the world in television. But there are not enough stations to make the public buy, and so bring prices of television sets down to a popular level.

The remedy is obvious. You must break the clutch of the Treasury on the money broadcasting brings in.

They must be made to give you more to spend so that more people are employed in this new industry and more people can see this new wonder which Britain has developed.

In May an Empire Exhibition opens in your native Scotland. Yet at Glasgow there is no television. What do you think of an Empire Exhibition in which our newest and most marvellous industry is not even represented?

In the past you have regarded difficulties as just something for you to overcome. Britain looks to you now to rescue television from the stranglehold of short-sighted Government meanness.—JOHN BULL.

Sir KINGSLEY WOOD,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR KINGSLEY,—Judged by any standard, your Overcrowding Act is worthless. It counts all living rooms as bedrooms, so that Stretford, for example, is officially reckoned to have eighty-four overcrowded dwellings, though it has 1,125 if you insist—as you should—on proper bedrooms.

The Act says nothing about separate sleeping quarters for boys and girls in their 'teens. It does not say whether the evicted families are to be left in the street or forced into the workhouse until they can find proper accommodation. It leaves that to the imagination.

If you have any imagination, you will think of those victims of bureaucracy—and build houses before turning them adrift.

In other words, you will put the horse before the cart.—JOHN BULL.

LADY LEWIS,
Caerwys, Flintshire

DEAR LADY LEWIS,—I share your dislike of children under five going regularly to school.

In some districts, their attendance is 100 per cent., and you think that "pressure is brought to bear upon these unfortunate youngsters" to toddle off to school when they should be at home.

Maybe. Poor mothers who have to go out to work just don't know what to do with their infants.

It is a problem which arouses my anger. Whatever the circumstances, babies should not be herded into elementary schools.

Better for their minds and bodies if they were in proper nursery schools, or in crèches where mothers could leave them at happy play for payment of a few pence a week.—JOHN BULL.

Lord HALIFAX,
Lord President of the Council

DEAR LORD HALIFAX,—Your hopeful words on the European situation are the wisest to have been uttered in that dreary chamber, the House of Lords, for years.

Every man and woman in the country should mark them well.

"I do not believe and have never believed in the imminence of war," you declare, "and in more directions than one I believe time to be on the side of peace."

No one with a knowledge of world affairs can assert that this view is short-sightedly optimistic.

I do not think that a single man can deny the fact that "greater progress would be made if we could rid our minds of the catastrophic conception of Europe always on the brink of the abyss."

Europe is not so much dangerous as confused, you tell us.

Unfortunately, the confusion appears to be at its darkest in the minds of statesmen of all countries—the very men who should think most clearly and lead their peoples away from the blunders and butcheries of the past.

If the Government of which you are a distinguished member had pursued a less wavering, hesitant and timid policy in recent months, the situation could have been far easier than it is.

Our foreign policy should be plain and firm.

That, take it from me, would do much to sweep away the confusion you rightly deplore—confusion that breeds ignorance, suspicion and that fear which is the seed of war.—JOHN BULL.

Very Rev. EDGAR ROGERS,
Dean of Bocking, Essex

DEAR DEAN,—Now that you have spoken, your fellow-clergy should for ever hold their peace.

"It is hypocrisy," you declare, "to talk of the dangers of introducing the Continental Sunday into England as if it were something bad.

"Mere pleasure-seeking on the Lord's Day is as prevalent here as on the Continent. I only wish we were as religious as they are."

That is sound sense. Nothing can stop people seeking amusement and recreation in their leisure. I have often observed that those town councillors who most firmly oppose the Sunday opening of parks and cinemas would not dream of forgoing their own Sunday golf.

Nor have I much patience with the clerics, less intelligent than yourself, who believe that people can be dragooned into church-going by making the Sabbath miserable.

If these parsons had the courage of their convictions they would press for a revival of those bad old days when a man could be fined for not attending church.

I maintain that both church-going and recreation are possible on Sundays.

And to prevent people from finding happiness and health on their one free day of the week is to be responsible for a national mischief.—JOHN BULL.

Sir WILLIAM BRASS, M.P.
The Albany, London, W.1

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—Your plea for a less haphazard system of fines for motoring offences wins my cordial support.

The "system" has become a racket that disgraces British justice and is dishonouring the police.

A few days ago a young woman was charged at Watlington, Oxfordshire, with dangerously driving round a corner, but one of the witnesses for the prosecution stated that a badly filled-in trench at the corner made driving difficult and dangerous.

A policeman who had given evidence, asked why he did not mention this fact, said he had been instructed not to do so!

Lord Macclesfield, chairman of the Bench, rightly dismissed the case and awarded costs against the police.

There is no need for me to stress the grave situation that will arise if such suspicion of withheld evidence becomes common.—JOHN BULL.

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MAKE MORE MONEY.
Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Bargains. Old-st. Largest. Cheapest & Best Wholesale firm. Write now for Catalogue & Guide.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

CROCKERY. 120 assrtd articles 10/-. 48 cups, sers., 6/-. Glass & Hardware Dinner Set Free. Cat. & Guide Free.—Bridge St. Pottery, 9 Burslem

FOX BROS for SMALLWARES. Flashlamps, Toilet Goods, Hosiery, etc Keen Wholesale Price List Free.—36B, Thomas St., Manches.er, 4.

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PROFITABLE Goods to Sell. Every kind. Easy Terms for Spare-time Agent & Shopkeeper. 144-Page Catalogue free.—MAY (125), Birmingham.

EASY MONEY CAN BE EARNED SELLING DRAPERY. Send p.c. for Illus. Wholesale Catlgs. —ARCHERS, 42/46, Castle Gate, Nottingham.

SMALL Traders, apply for free 150-page catlg. of up-to-the-minute lines. — L. Frankenburg, Ltd., 37 Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

116-PAGE New 1937 Wholesale Drapery Catalogue. Post Free. Perfect and repeatable goods of quality and value. Keenest prices. All Depts. Ladies', Men's, Child's, Household, Boots & Shoes. Satls. Gu'td. W'sale only.—Myers & Co. (L. & H.), Ltd., 7, Trinity Street, Leeds, 1.

SELL Hosiery, Drapery, Overalls, Haberdashery, Shirts, Footwear, etc. Good living certain. Shopkeepers, Marketmen, Hawkers Canvassers, and Clubholders supplied. Catalogue free. Alex. E. Goldman, Ltd., 65X, Houndsditch, London.

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THE BRITISH ARMY.
Vacancies exist in all branches. Good pay, food, clothing and accommodation free. Opportunities for education, physical training and sport. Liberal holidays on full pay. — Apply any Army Recruiting Office, address obtainable at Post Offices and Employment Exchanges.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept (no experience required). Commencing £3 13s. per week. Age 18-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of Entrance Exam. from B.I.E.T. (Dept. 327), 17-19, Stratford Place London, W.1.

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Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

RETAILERS.—Local trade is limited, so why not sell by post? — the modern method of Trading? Advertise bargain line in *John Bull's* famous "Shop Window" and reach millions of buyers all over the country. One advertiser recently reported that from a single advertisement he had received over 500 orders for a 10/- article. A mail order department has turned many a local business into a national one. Why not yours? Start small, grow big. Apply on business letterhead for particulars and details of free advertisement writing service for shopkeepers and small traders. Address: Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., *John Bull*, Room 28, 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

CARPET, beautiful Chinese design, 12 ft. x 9 ft., thick, heavy pile, exquisite, soft colourings, new condition, accept 6 gns.—19, Greville Pl., Maida Vale, Ldn. 'Phone: Maida Vale 2440.

COMPLETE Chimney Sweeping and Drain Cleaning Machine, 12/6 only—a bargain advertised in *John Bull's* "Shop Window" top of page 3. See advert. of S. Tysack & Son, Ltd.

A SMART Suit or Ladies' Swagger Coat for 1s. down, balance small monthly payments. Send for free Cloth patterns mentioned in advertisement of Pain's Presents House, Ltd., on page 3.

-A HELPING HAND

With the worst of the winter ahead accept the aid of Nature's greatest tonic—pure Vitamin Yeast. This powerful remedy of ancient days has been brought to perfection in the tablet-food known as Yestamin, so that even the poorest in the land may benefit. Whole families, who once were victims of every epidemic going, are entirely escaping Coughs, Colds, Chills and 'Flu—life-long sufferers from Stomach and Nervous Complaints are gaining new health—even martyrs to Rheumatism and Neuritis have found release from crippling pain and stiffness. And all attribute their freedom to Yestamin.

YESTAMIN

YESTAMIN is sold in flat tins
40 tablets for 6d.
100 tablets for 1/-
225 tablets for 2/-
Of all Chemists.

is Yeast in the form you can afford (40 tablets cost but 6d.) It is produced from the richest known source of Vitamin B—pure concentrated "brewers" yeast, freed from ferment. Yestamin strengthens the "weak spot" at which illness strikes. It purifies the Blood, strengthens the Nerves, tones up the Liver, and provides a *natural* Laxative. Yestamin is a food with the potency of a drug—a food which so stimulates the nourishing elements of ordinary meals that they really put new life into you.

TRIAL SUPPLY of 40 Tablets for 3p

HEALTH OFFER TO READERS!

To THE YESTAMIN COMPANY, DEPT. S.,
(THE ENGLISH GRAINS CO., LTD.), BURTON-ON-TRENT.
I enclose 3d. stamps for Trial Tin of 40 Yestamin Tablets.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2d. per roll. Send for patterns post free. — WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 82, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

CARNIVAL GOODS, Balloons, Hats, Novelties, Decorations. Send for free bargain list.—"Uneedus," 70/72, Arundel St., Portsmouth.

WALLPAPERS. — See the New 1938 'SHIELDA' Pattern Book. Post Free both ways. Apply, Dept. J.B., Bruce & Hall, South Shields.

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BABY CLOTHES.—EXPECTANT MOTHERS, do not hesitate in obtaining your complete layette from me. Every Garment beautifully Home-made from finest materials. Style and quality approved by Nursing Home and Welfare centres. 75-garment Layette with full-size Shawl, 30/-; or Superior Nursing Home Set, 42/-, including flannels, woollies, Silk Robes, and Handsome Shawl. Send 2/- for pcl. on appro. (Cash or Terms.)—Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

FREE Furnishing Catalogue. — Fill in the coupon on p. 29, or write, mentioning *John Bull*, to JAY'S FURNISHING STORES, 248, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.C.1, for free Catalogue full of bargains of furniture, pianos, etc.

2/- DEPOSIT secures the Ambron Slimming Corselet offered on page 29.

GET particulars of the Pifco Electric Cycle Lamps by writing, mentioning *John Bull*, for catalogue to Pifco, Ltd., Watling Street, Manchester. See page 29.

THE NEW BERKELEY SUPERLAX EASY CHAIR makes one forget one's troubles and weariness. It moves automatically into a variety of positions to suit every mood. The makers of this chair, H. J. Searle & Son, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 70/78, Old Kent Rd., London, S.E.1, have issued a catalogue giving details of this chair and other Berkeley models, which will be sent post free to all readers who write, mentioning *John Bull*, to their address, or to those who prefer it, fill in the coupon on page 33

GARDENING.

FREE! — 48-page book full of information for gardeners (illus.). Hints and advice on better cultivation of flowers, fruit and vegetables. Send p.c. to LASCO, Ltd. (Dept. 1), Liverpool.

FANTASTEX AND FANTEX HUMUSINE. Roses treated with 1 Fantastex and 3 parts water, bad cases of black spot, mildew, 1 part Fantastex, 1 part water, have proved to be immune from greenfly. They die after two or three treatments, about 1 lb. dilute Fantastex per tree. FANTEX HUMUSINE at the rate of ½-lb. to 1 lb. round tree, according to size, increases blooms. (Price 25/- per cwt.) Samples: 1 jar—4 oz. Fantastex, making 1 lb. dilute Fantastex, 1/-, carr. pd. 1 lb. Fantex Humusine, 1/- carr. pd. 1 jar (4 oz.) Fantastex and 1 lb. Fantex Humusine and ½-lb. lawn seed, or two packets vegetable and 2 packets flower seeds, 3/6 carr. fwd. 1 x 10 lb. drum Fantastex, 12 6, carr. fwd. Orders of £1 and over despatched carriage paid U.K. THE ONLY KNOWN FERTILISER AND INSECTICIDE IN ONE.—FANTASTEX, LTD., FARTINGDALE LODGE, MILL HILL, LONDON, N.W.7.

GARDEN Sheds and Garages made of Cedarwood last for ever. Cedarwood is rotproof and needs neither paint nor preservative. You can obtain a Cedarwood Building for a small deposit. Read the advertisement of Messrs. Robert H. Hall & Co. (Kent), Ltd., top of page 3

WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

FAMOUS CARLTON DRUMS & ACCESS. Piano-Accdns., Trumpets, Guitars. 1d. p.c. brings 1938 68-p. Cat. free. Easiest Terms.—J. E. Raymond, 5, Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C.4.

'CELLO Guitar De Luxe, in American Moulded Case, £3 10s. 6 only. Usually £8 8s.—S. Lewis & Co., 8, Cleeve Works, LONDON, E.3.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

WORMS CURED. — Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive cure for removing the causes. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1 6 for Generous Supply or 1½d. stamp for details.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (320M), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

FREE Sample of Cephos, the Safe and Certain Physician's remedy for Colds, Influenza, Headache, Neuralgia and Rheumatism. In Powder or Tablet form. Does not affect the heart. Send p.c. to CEPHOS, Ltd. (Dept. 29), BLACKBURN.

WEAK NERVES.—If you suffer from Weak Nerves, Depression, Worry, Insomnia, Morbid Fears, Shyness, etc., send for my free book.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.38), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.

RUPTURED! Don't suffer any longer. Try Blunden's marvellous new invention. Only weighs a few ounces, yet is so strong that it will hold any rupture, however severe, firmly and gently. Free Trial. — Blunden Surgical Appliance Co., Ltd. (Dept. 329X), 9-15, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

FREE.—If you are run-down, suffer from colds, chills, etc., fill in the coupon in the large display advertisement on this page, or write, mentioning *John Bull*, to The Yestamin Co., Dept. C., Burton-on-Trent, for trial tin of 40 Yestamin tablets. Enclose 3d. for postage, etc.

FREE.—You can obtain a free sample of MEGGEZONES brand throat pastilles by sending a p.c. with your name and address to J.B 2, Meggeson & Co., Ltd., Llewellyn Street, London, S.E.16. MEGGEZONES' antiseptic vapour clears the nose, throat, etc., and improves and stimulates the voice. See page 28.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

FREE sample tube of Odol Toothpaste. Simply fill in the coupon on page 24 or send a postcard to Cranbux, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.3), Norwich.

FREE GIFTS!—The bagatelle board illustrated on page 26 is only one of the hundreds of gifts exchanged for Rowntree's Cocoa coupons, so send a 1d. postcard now to Dept. C.E. 41, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, and get this free booklet and voucher, worth 3 coupons, which will give you full particulars of offer. Write at once for the free booklet.

FREE.—"How to be happy and healthy in winter." An interesting free brochure can be obtained by all readers who write at once to Dept. J.B.3, Wilcox Jeseau & Co., Ltd., North Circular Road, London, N.W.2. See special offer in Famel Syrup advt. on page 28.

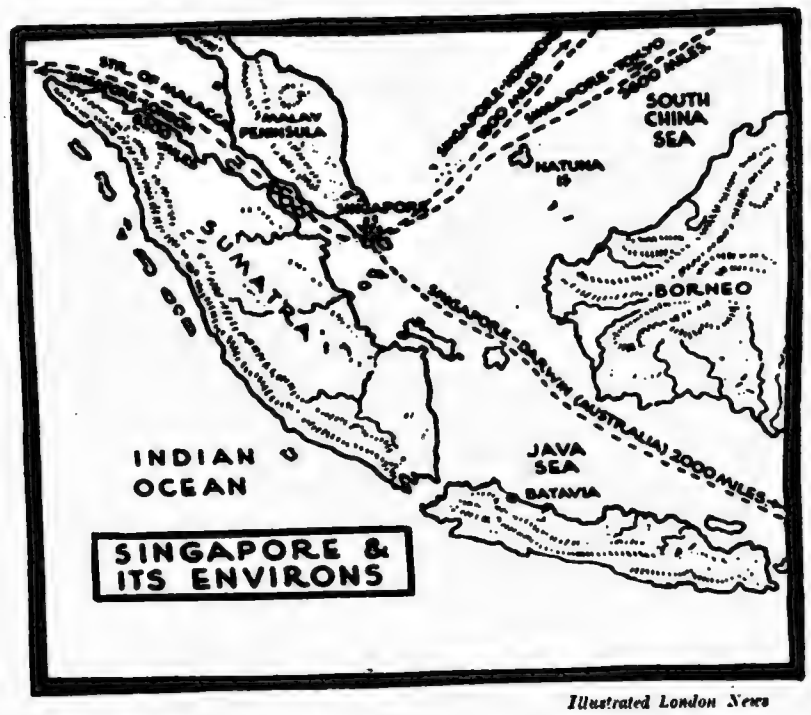
ACCEPT this free double offer. You can get a trial bottle of Vaseline Hair Tonic and also a Vaseline Soapless Shampoo if you write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Dept. J.B.4, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Consd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10, simply enclose 2d. stamp to cover postage. Send at once for this perfect combination to improve your hair. Send for the free trial bottle and also free shampoo now. See page 29.

A FREE offer to all who eat Quaker Oats. Cut out the Quaker Figures from the front of two packets of Quaker Oats (or Quick Quaker), attach to and send with the special coupon on p. 37, when you will receive a free copy of a 128-pp. book "The Master Book of Secrets." Intriguing new gifts are also offered to readers in this book, so get yours right away!

NAIL BITING.—Free booklet sent privately for 1½d. stamp explains how you can free yourself (or child) of this objectionable, health-endangering habit.—Pilter, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.1), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

A. G. Gardiner says—

LOCK OUT JAPAN



Illustrated London News

Lord Fisher (left), famous First Sea Lord during the War, once told A. G. Gardiner that the Straits of Malacca (see map) were the key to the Pacific. Singapore is the door which locks out Japan from "sweeping the white races from the Far East."

FOR those who love poring over maps, as I do, Singapore is just now a spotlight in the atlas.

It was one of the quaint fancies of Lord Fisher that we were the Chosen People. "See how the Almighty has put the keys of the earth in our keeping," he said to me one day.

And as he ticked them off on his fingers—Gibraltar, the Cape of Good Hope and the rest—he paused significantly on the Straits of Malacca—"The key to the Pacific," he said. And then, with his grim, quizzical smile, he turned and asked "*Aren't* we the Chosen People?"

I accepted his facts without endorsing his conclusion, and I recall the conversation now, because the opening of the naval base at Singapore puts Britain strategically on the map in the Pacific.

And it puts her on the map in the nick of time. We have only to look at what is happening in the China seas to the north to realise how little margin there was to spare.

Consider what is at stake. A glance at the map will show. The Straits of Malacca is the great highway from the Indian Ocean to the Pacific, and Singapore, which dominates it, is the vital trade centre of the Eastern hemisphere.

Thousands of ocean-going ships pass through this gateway annually, and a large part of the world's supply of such commodities as rubber, tin, copra and palm oil is handled in its docks. It is the greatest trade route in the world.

★ ★ ★

Any interference with its freedom would cut the jugular of commerce between east and west. It would do more. It would close our direct access to the Pacific and leave our vast commitments there, including Australasia, vulnerable to the attack of a predatory power.

So much for the significance of Singapore. That significance has been lit up by the tremendous challenge which Japan has thrown down.

She has embarked not only on the conquest of Asia but on the dominion of the Pacific. In the words of one of her chief ministers, her aim is to make "a clean sweep of the white races" out of the East. It is a large order, and I do not think she will execute it, for reasons which will appear later.

But at the moment we are concerned with Singapore and its naval base. The construction of that base became imperative on the day the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was dissolved in 1922.

Whether we were wise in breaking that alliance is a matter for speculation. Perhaps if it had not been broken we could have put a check upon Japan's ambitions—perhaps not. Who can say?

Largely, we broke it because the United States saw in it a menace to her in the Pacific, and because we thought a good understanding with America was the most important interest we had to seek.

When the alliance ended, our naval position in the Far East became dependent on the good will of Japan and the need of a naval base on the Pacific urgent. We had no base from which battleships of the modern type could operate nearer than Malta, 8,000 miles from the Sea of Japan.

Should trouble arise in the Pacific we were not in a position to protect our interests or our nationals. Hence the Singapore base, which has cost many millions of money and is now an accomplished fact.

Its purpose is not offensive. It is 3,000 miles from Japan, and even if it were equipped with an adequate fleet it could not, therefore, wage an effective war in Japanese waters.

The object is strictly defensive, and for this it is perfectly situated. It commands the central Pacific, dominates Japan's sea routes, in case of emergency could subject that power to a remote blockade, and offers a shield for Australasia and a protection against Japanese aggression in the Malayan seas.

All this is prospective. To-day the base, though completed, is little more than an empty shell. It has powerful land defences against aerial and sea attack.

But it has no battleships of its own, and in the present critical situation in the Mediterranean none can be spared for so great a distance from the immediate danger zone.

It will be two years at least before the five battleships which are building presumably for the Far East will be ready. Even then, and with the ten cruisers available from the China and Australasian squadrons, the Singapore fleet will be immeasurably inferior to the naval resources of Japan.

★ ★ ★

And we cannot exclude the danger, in the event of a clash with that country, of a formidable enemy concentration on Singapore. It would not be easy, for that enemy would be operating far from its base against a fleet under the shelter of 18 in. guns on land. But it is a risk that has to be reckoned with.

What, then, is the significance of the new chapter which the naval base at Singapore opens? It is not a menace to Japan. It cannot now and never will be able to wage an aggressive war in Japanese waters.

To do that we should have to maintain a fleet at Singapore at least as strong as Japan's. That would be an impossible drain on our resources and a provocative challenge to Japan that would make war inevitable.

But as a defensive measure the Singapore base *is* of signal importance. It redresses the balance in the Pacific. It gives us a voice in the ocean in which we have vast responsibilities. And it will go far to lift the shadow of invasion from Australia and New Zealand.

★ ★ ★

I hope for more and better things from Singapore than a balance of power in the Pacific. I hope it will pave the way to the outlawry of war in the Pacific.

The history of that ocean has justified its name. The bed of the Atlantic is littered with the debris of a thousand sea fights, but until the rise of Japan no great naval battle had ever stained the waters of the Pacific. If that record is to be kept Japan must be made to understand that the dominion of the Pacific is beyond her grasp.

She can be taught this by the co-operation of the white races which have interests equal to her own in the Pacific. The United States has a seaboard that stretches almost from pole to pole in the Pacific. France has vast interests there. So also has Holland. So has Russia. Our own liabilities are immense.

If all these Powers agree that war shall be outlawed in the Pacific, and that any nation which seeks dominion in the Pacific will have to reckon with a united front, Japan will have no option.

She will have to suppress the wild men who dictate her policy to-day. She will have to recognise that she cannot make "a clean sweep of the white races" in the Far East. And she will find that her own existence depends on co-operating in establishing peace in the Pacific.

It is because the Singapore base is a contribution to that end that we are justified in seeing in it, not a menace of war but a promise of peace.

Not from the B.B.C.

Wisdom of the Whys

ALL kinds of firms a few of them possess:
Those coves who earn their screws by saying "Yes";
If the boss says green is blue,
Or that three from six leaves two.
They will one and all politely acquiesce!

A yes-man has to work to earn his pay,
To nod approval in a seemly way;
And, however he may yearn
Quite a new technique to learn,
He can't become a no-man in a day.

He might, however, make a start and try,
Not by remarking "No" instead of "Aye,"
But by drawing in his breath,
Like a hero facing death,
And staggering the Great White Chief with "Why?"

THIS suggestion, admittedly savouring of lese-majesty, is made after reading the opinion of Mr. C. A. Oakley, of the National Institute of Industrial Psychology, that "There is a place in industry for 'Why-men.'"

A why-man, I take it, is something between a yes-man and a no-ditto; one who no longer treats the boss with the reverence due to the Taj-Mahal, Mussolini or Marlene Dietrich, but has not reached the stage when he can look him in the eye and tell him that, as usual, he is talking clotted nonsense.

Undoubtedly there should be a place in the team for these medium-paced bowlers.

The wise men of the business world have had a good run for our money, and a few why-men, armed to the teeth with marks of interrogation, should make them think twice, instead of, as at present, less than once.

Mr. Oakley yearns for peripatetic heroes who will "spend the day going round workshops continually asking the question 'Why?'" but I fear that, more often than not, the answer would be a lemon.

In fact, it might even be a poke in the snoot.

For if there is one human blister of whom *homo sap* tires more rapidly than he does of a B.B.C. talk merchant it is the bloke who wants to know, you know.

Although no optimist has ever invited me to become a works manager, I make

this statement in the confidence that it will be endorsed by all who by strict attention to business, and with practically no help from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, have risen to the rank of parenthood.

Oh, Sonny Boy, you little know
How oft the dear old pot
Feels a most unparental urge
To put you "on the spot,"
When you of questions ask a string
And fain would know of ev'rything
The wherefore and the what!

But though your thirst for knowledge starts
Bees buzzing in my head,
I must not curb your natural gifts
Or send you off to bed,
For as a why-man you will be
Equipped to keep in luxury
Your poor old dad.

Y. Z.

Live Successfully

JOHN BULL readers have the chance to take part in a wonderful new service!

It is a plan to help you make a success of life!

This plan is a fascinating course—in twelve sections—which reveals the real secrets of "Living Successfully."

In the ordinary way a course such as this would cost at least £5 5s., yet, if you apply at once, the complete course is yours practically as a gift!

The first book in this fascinating course, together with a sealed section of questions and answers which enable you to list your progress, comes to you by return.

Turn to pages 4 and 5 at once.

Your Everyday Shopping Reminder

"TAKE HOME THE GOOD HEALTH BREAKFAST!"

● Home comes health —home comes deliciousness and home comes 100% food value when you bring home Shredded Wheat. It brings cheer to the breakfast table. It brings valuable Vitamins to sustain vitality —wholewheat nourishment to build up resistance. It brings too, utmost economy and saving of time. Let everyone benefit from a Shredded Wheat meal every day. Served with hot milk it makes a warming and sustaining breakfast that cheers you up and sets you right for the day.

Serve **SHREDDED WHEAT** *for Winter Warmth & Well-being*

CATARRHAL CONGESTION *from Colds* **RELIEVED BY SIMPLE SMOKE!**

SAME DARN THING EVERY WINTER. CATCH A COLD AND THIS CATARRHAL CONGESTION HAS MY HEAD ALL CLOGGED UP
OH! I KNOW SOMETHING THAT WILL CURE THAT
PLEASE GIVE ME A PACKET OF THOSE MEDICAL CIGARETTES YOU SOLD ME LAST WEEK
YES, DR BLOSSERS MEDICAL CIGARETTES. THEY'RE GREAT FOR RELIEVING CATARRHAL CONGESTION CAUSED BY HEAD COLDS
I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED ANYTHING COULD HAVE CLEARED MY HEAD SO QUICKLY! I'LL SLEEP WELL TO-NIGHT.

Prove it for yourself. Ask any chemist for a small packet of Dr. Blosser's Medical Cigarettes or write to-day for

FREE PACKET

Dr. Blosser Ltd. (Dept. 121.O.J.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.
Please send by post your Trial Package containing four Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes that I may try them free of charge.

Name .....

Street .....

Town .....
(Print with pencil, very, very plainly).

DR. BLOSSER'S MEDICAL CIGARETTES

MARVELLOUS FREE OFFER!

For a trial bottle of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic and a packet of 'Vaseline' Soapless Shampoo send only 4d. in stamps with your name and address to Dept. J.B.4, Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10. Turn to page 30.

Few lads escape these painful eruptions, to some they are a constant and humiliating plague. If you have a son so afflicted, bathe the boils frequently and thoroughly with hot water and plenty of Cuticura Soap. After each fomentation anoint the boils liberally with Cuticura Ointment. This is the most effective outward treatment you can use for boils, pimples, and even stubborn ulcers, such as bad legs. Cuticura carries its cleansing, germ-killing, healing properties to the very core of the eruption. It speedily allays irritation and inflammation and induces a healthy condition which permits the formation of sound flesh and new skin.
Cuticura is the ideal first-aid and healer for cuts, grazes and all skin injuries. No germ can live in contact with Cuticura. It therefore gives sure protection against festering and septic poisoning.
In the home, the garage, garden and workshop, one's hands get in the wars; children at play tumble and bark their knees. For safety's sake keep a tin of Cuticura handy.
WORKS MIRACLES WITH STUBBORN ECZEMA. Stops the tormenting itch almost the moment it touches the skin, and often a single tin banishes an eruption of years' standing.

★ *Use Cuticura Soap in the bath and for washing. It is as soothing to the skin as fresh dairy cream.*

Cuticura BRAND **OINTMENT**

KILLS SEPTIC GERMS - DRAWS OUT POISONS

VITALITY *without Drugs!*

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is a GRAND TONIC and PICK-ME-UP. It safely and surely restores VITALITY and VIGOUR to men and women of all ages and increases the JOY OF LIFE. . . . PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is 'LIVE' Yeast, absolutely free from drugs. It ensures perfect assimilation of food, purifies the system and is a splendid Natural Remedy for INDIGESTION, NERVES, NEURITIS and BOILS.

...50 Tablets 1/3...

Family Size 3/- . . Vest Pocket Size 6d.

Perfectly Safe . . . . . Not habit-forming

From all Chemists. Make no mistake — Always ask for PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST by name and make sure you get the REAL THING . . .

Phillips TONIC YEAST *is* ***LIFE ITSELF!***

Sir Wyndham Childs says . .

I Accept Pools Challenge

RECENTLY I exposed certain strange circumstances connected with a concern calling itself International Sporting Pools, Ltd., of Bristol. My article has caused a considerable sensation.

You will remember that I questioned the authenticity of certain claims put forward by this concern.

I reproduced a picture of Mr. A. E. Chard, one of its three directors, in the act of handing over a cheque for £1,506 to a certain "William Jackson," and proved that, in actual fact, Jackson was Chard's brother.

Comment was also made on the strange coincidence that the firm's auditors were Messrs. A. E. Chard, of Burnham-on-Sea.

Now those were serious allegations.

For days past I have been inundated with letters from readers in all parts.

Naturally, subscribers to the pools were perturbed when they read my revelations. Many have written to the headquarters in Bath Road, Bristol, for an explanation, and have received circular letters of varying kinds.

One reads: "We thank you for your letter of yesterday's date *re* article in JOHN BULL. It is our intention to treat this with the contempt which it deserves, and we strongly advise our clients to do likewise.

"I.S.P. stands for Integrity Straightforward Dealing and Popularity, and if JOHN BULL or anyone else says anything to the contrary they are not telling the truth."

Four days later the following circular letter was despatched:

"With reference to your letter with regard to an attack on one of our directors by JOHN BULL, we beg to inform you that the directors are in consultation with their lawyers with a view to issuing a writ for libel."

Strange as it may appear, on the very day—February 7—this letter was being circulated. I received a communication of even date, sent by "Express" post, from the managing director of the company, Mr. C. P. Hughes.

It was of a most revealing character, and began: "I am chairman of the above company, and your article regarding I.S.P. in your issue of the 5th inst. has been brought to my notice. I am investigating these allegations. I have taken no part in the running of the weekly pools, and the whole matter is a surprise to me.

"I have not had time to study your article, but this I will say unflinchingly, that Mr. A. E. Chard is not the type of man to be guilty of paying a cheque to his brother, nor to any unwarranted winner.

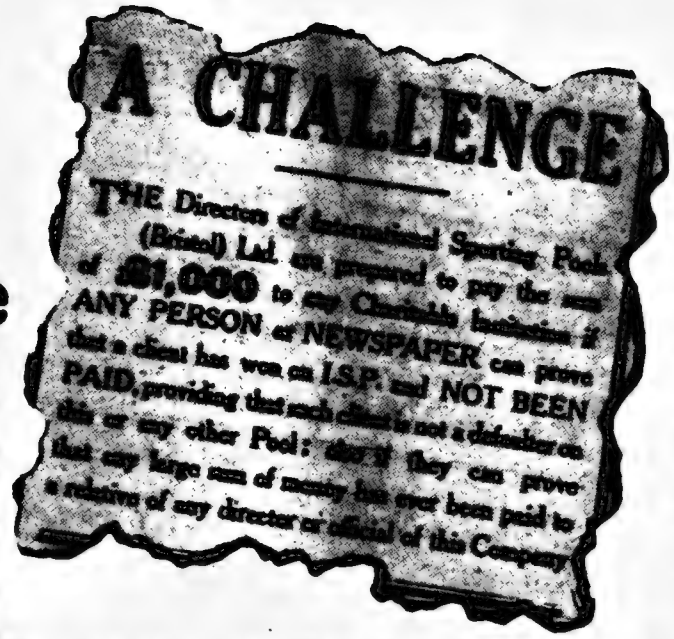
"If he was so guilty, it would be a matter for the police, and you may be assured that I would not hesitate in my obvious duty. And regarding the allegation that Mr. Jackson is Mr. Chard's brother, I have never in my life seen the man."

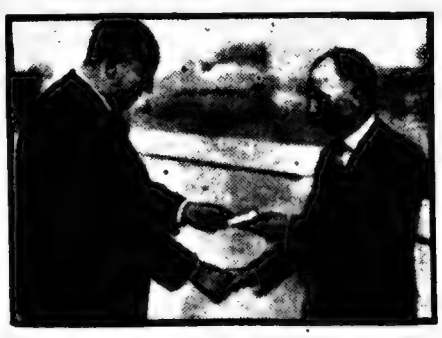
* * *

The logic of that last sentence escapes me. But there follows the information that Messrs. Chard and Co. have resigned their appointment as accountants and that a chartered accountant is to be appointed forthwith!

We acknowledged the receipt of Mr. Hughes' letter, and five days after he wrote to us again. This time he said:

"I have, as promised, made further investigation, and I am satisfied that, while it would not be true to say that the staff have not made mistakes, the business has been and is being conducted fairly and with equity; that no pool winnings have ever been paid to any relative of any director or official of the company, nor, indeed, to any unwarranted winner."


A CHALLENGE
THE Directors of International Sporting Pools (Bristol) Ltd. are prepared to pay the sum of £1,000 to any Charitable Institution if ANY PERSON or NEWSPAPER can prove that a client has won on I.S.P. and NOT BEEN PAID, providing that such client is not a defaulter on this or any other Pool: also if they can prove that any large sum of money has ever been paid to a relative of any director or official of this Company



This picture appeared in a Bristol newspaper with the words "Mr. A. E. Chard, of International Sporting Pools, presenting a cheque for £1,506 to Mr. William Jackson, of Brislington, Bristol, who forecast four away teams in the football pool"

While I am obliged for the first part of Mr. Hughes' explanation, I would like to know who the second figure is in the picture I reproduced if he is not Mr. A. E. Chard's brother.

Now, I.S.P., Ltd., have issued a nation-wide challenge, both in the form of leaflets and in display advertisements.

You will see the nature of the challenge in the picture of one of the newspaper advertisements reproduced on this page. The leaflet has slightly different wording.

In neither case, however, is there any direct mention of JOHN BULL!

A final leaflet blames JOHN BULL—or, as they put it, "the people who attacked us"—for the fact that the International Broadcasting Company has stopped them broadcasting from Radio Normandie and other Continental stations.

It is a significant fact that in none of the various letters I have quoted, and more particularly in the two communications from Mr. Hughes, is the story of the £1,506 cheque mentioned or refuted. It is either true or not true.

Why should Mr. Hughes and his co-directors want to adopt all these strange methods to deal with readers' enquiries about my exposure?

* * *

The directors of I.S.P., Ltd., know, as everyone knows, that if my article was not true they have their remedy, apart from challenges and such things—namely, to issue a writ for libel.

They have not availed themselves of this remedy, although they seem to have done everything else to justify themselves and to insinuate that my exposure was without foundation.

And there I am satisfied to leave the matter.

Rogue to Arrest

LETTERS from relatives and subsequent enquiries have provided me with piteous information concerning a man who was the victim of a master crook and who is now languishing in jail.

He is Leonard Redvers Bull, a crippled shoemaker with a family of five children, one-time proprietor of a prosperous business in East India Dock Road, London, which is now practically ruined.

At the moment he is lying ill in prison.

There appears to be no doubt that he was the cat's-paw of an organised band of thieves operating in the Dockland district. He was convicted for receiving along with two acknowledged thieves, but the tragic part is that the leader of the band is still at large.

Bull's introduction to "easy money" started in all innocence. He was visited at his workshop by a plausible adventurer purporting to travel in job lots of all sorts, ranging from leather accessories to fur coats, which he said came from Moscow.

The cobbler had no interest in the fur coats, but was naturally keen on obtaining old leather goods which were offered at below ordinary cost price. It all seemed so simple.

* * *

One transaction led to another, and though Bull was able to make more money, he swears that at no time did he understand the goods he was buying were stolen property.

Nemesis came dramatically. One Sunday morning his shop was raided by the police and he was arrested.

Bull was a first offender, but he was sent to jail for fifteen months—a very stiff sentence in the circumstances.

It is generally admitted in official circles that the real offender should have been in the dock. Sir Herbert Wilberforce, who tried the case, said he would not speculate as to why he was not there.

He added that he had only to deal with "inferior players," but they would have to be punished, nevertheless.

Bull was a "receiver," though only a "minor one," and certainly deserved some punishment.

* * *

Sir Samuel Hoare, Home Secretary, through a local member's petition, has so far refused to intervene in the case, but I hope that if any of the facts above related are new to him he may find it possible to give further consideration to the sentence.

Meantime, what of the principal in this crooked business? He is still at large!

COLONY TO CONDEMN

IN Ebbw Vale—the heart of the South Wales distressed area—a new steelworks is being built. It will bring prosperity to a countryside which has been like the valley of the shadow for years.

But when that prosperity comes it will find many people still living in habitations not fit for the shelter of cattle, unless there are some drastic changes.

Let us take the case of a little colony of human beings who inhabit the fifty wooden huts in Cwm Road.

In one of them thirteen people sleep in a single room, the walls of which drip water and where the roof is so full of holes that rain drips on to the bedding below.

* * *

A fierce wind was howling down the desolate lane when my special investigator visited this disgraceful shambles. He saw these crazy wooden huts in every stage of disintegration. Storms had torn timbers from the walls and the gaps had been filled in with odd pieces of wood and matchboarding. It was a pitiful scene.

True, these "houses" were condemned some time ago, but nothing has yet been done in regard to the re-housing of 200 unfortunate inhabitants. The Ebbw Vale Council complains that plans are being held up by the Ministry of Health.

Whether that is the case or not, the conditions which maintain at present have been responsible for the outbreak of disease. There have been cases of diphtheria, tuberculosis and scarlet fever.

Children removed to hospital have not been permitted to return to these huts when they have recovered their health. The medical authorities rightly refuse to accept responsibility.

My investigator visited several of these hutments.

In one of them, that belonging to Mr. Watkins, he found ten are sleeping in the same bedroom. He pressed one of the mattresses and water oozed out. One of the back rooms was absolutely unfit for habitation and the family had been obliged to crush into the remainder.

Mr. Watkins bitterly remarked: "The stables in which the local council keeps its horses are far superior to the hovels in which we have to live, for at least the stables are dry and warm."

* * *

I am not surprised that these people have made a mass protest to the council. One of the husbands in a deputation said that although his wife was expecting a baby she had to sleep with the rest of the family in the same room. She had to be taken out in the middle of the night to the house of a neighbour.

Such conditions are almost unbelievable, but they are a stark reality. If there are differences of opinion between the Health Ministry and the Ebbw Vale Council they must be overcome at once.

Something must be done, and the existing Cwm Road must perish from the earth.

Legal "Zeal"!

MRS. HILDA MITCHELL, of Vernon Gardens, Harrogate Hill, Darlington, was a short time ago charged with neglecting her five-year-old son so that he died of heart failure, following diphtheria.

She was bound over in her own recognisances for six months. The Mayor rightly said it was a most distressing case and that the magistrates were exceedingly sorry for her.

Mrs. Mitchell, for personal reasons, had no trust in doctors. In this she may have been wrong. But such was her conviction.

When her little son complained of swollen glands in the throat, Mrs. Mitchell consulted a herbalist, whose prescriptions were successful.

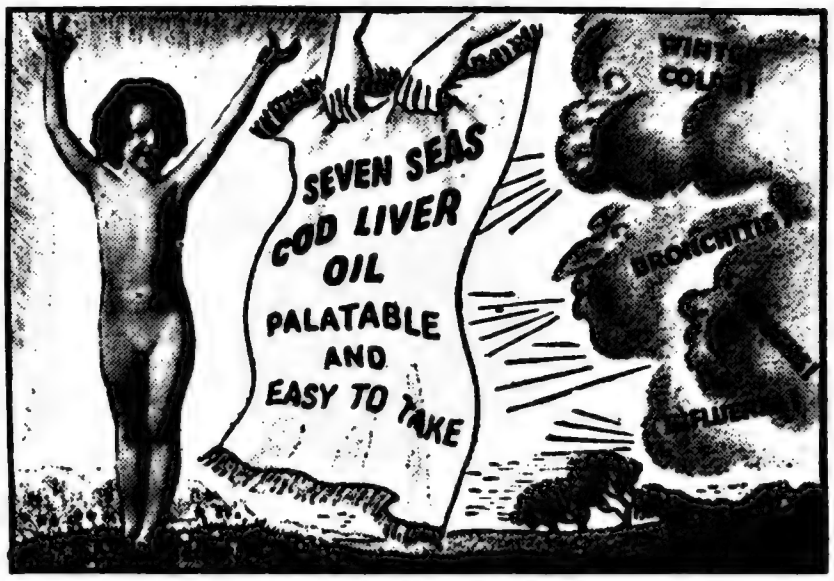
Unfortunately when the boy was taken ill again she once more consulted the same herbalist. This time the affection was serious and the boy, to whom she was passionately devoted, succumbed to heart failure.

So the law had to have its way, and Mrs. Mitchell was charged in the local court with having been partly the cause of the child's death because she did not call in qualified medical advice.

There was not the least evidence of neglect. The prosecution has made a tragic memory even harder to bear, and we are inclined to agree with Mr. Smith, her solicitor, who said that he could only regret that the prosecution had ever been launched.

NO "OUT-OF-DATE"

Taste-Prejudice ROBS HER OF THIS PROTECTIVE CLOAK!



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YOU ONLY NEED 5 DROPS

The Ministry of Health says: "*You* need Cod Liver Oil." What holds you back from following this advice? Nothing but your own childhood's experience of old-fashioned cod liver oils.

But do you know that modern science and modern methods have made this vital winter protection PALATABLE and EASY TO TAKE and just as digestible as bread and butter?

You can actually mix 'SevenSeaS' Cod Liver Oil with ordinary foods —vegetables, etc. And not only is 'SevenSeaS' palatable, but it is so vitamin-rich that a small dose is sufficient. The three forms of 'SevenSeaS' are :—

1. *'SevenSeaS' High Potency Oil. A pure natural Cod Liver Oil four times as strong in vitamins as standard cod liver oil. Price* 1/3 *bottle.* **5 drops only required.**

2. *'SevenSeaS' High Potency Capsules.* 25, 50 *and* 100 *capsules,* 1/6, 2/9 *and* 5/- *bottle respectively. Each capsule contains one dose—*five drops *of High Potency Oil.*

3. *'SevenSeaS' Standard strength. Price* 4-*oz.* 10*d.*, 8-*oz.* 1/3. *Protective dose* one teaspoonful only.

To-day, thanks to 'SevenSeaS,' no one need forgo the protection of cod liver oil. BEFORE illness strikes, build up resistance with 'SevenSeaS.' Your Chemist sells it.

THE MINISTRY OF HEALTH *says:*

YOU NEED IT

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COD LIVER OIL

BRITISH COD LIVER OIL PRODUCERS (HULL) LTD., ST. ANDREW'S DOCK, HULL, ENGLAND

The demand for CAPSTAN increases daily — say W.D & H.O.WILLS

"Och aye,- it's a fac'."

WILLS'S CAPSTAN CIGARETTES.

10 FOR 6d. 20 FOR 11½d.

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W. D. & H. O. Wills (Wills's Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

Continuing Sir Wyndham Childs' Dossier

Insolvent Adventurer's Amazing Schemes

Mr. C. Bruce Park, Official Receiver, made some very caustic comments

WHAT is happening about the extraordinary, tangled financial affairs of Mr. Herbert Wilcox, company director, Broad Street Place, London? (It should be mentioned that he has no connection with the famous British film producer of the same name.)

Many people are anxiously asking this question, and, in view of what I have recently discovered about Wilcox, I am not in the least surprised.

He is a man of remarkable personality, with a fertile brain and a facile pen. He has had many varying interests during post-war years, the most outstanding being alleged rights in certain concessions to which he has steadfastly pinned unswerving faith.

At least, so it appears on the surface.

But, valuable though these concessions are supposed to be—veritable money-makers Wilcox regarded them—the dismal fact remains that they have so far spelt complete disaster for numerous people who have been misguided enough to part with large sums of money to finance them under his guiding hand.

I will start by going back to 1930, when Wilcox, trading on his own account, was working on schemes affecting timber concessions in Yugo-Slavia.

Optimism, apart from these concessions, seems to be all he then possessed, so he induced several friends to lend him money in order to develop them and to defray his personal expenses.

This money, despite the interval of years, has never been repaid.

However, in July, 1933, Wilcox promoted a concern, under the title of the Breval Forest and Railway Company, Limited, with headquarters at Queen Anne's Gate, London.

This had an authorised capital of £100,000, and, what is perhaps more important, enjoyed the privilege of having the gifted services of Mr. Wilcox as its managing director.

Although certain people invested in shares, the Breval Forest and Railway Company, Limited, failed to carry out "various commitments entered into in connection with the concessions."

Undaunted, and with greater optimism than ever, again he borrowed further moneys from friends. Once more, despite the years between, these further loans are still unpaid.

Then, a little later, the company of which he was managing director, acquired from him, for over £40,000, his interest in the Yugo-Slavian concessions.

Most of this large sum was paid to him in the form of shares, which at the time were scarcely worth the paper on which they were written.

But Mr. Wilcox soon turned them to account. His optimism was such, his faith in the project so unshakable, that he presented some of them to the people who had already advanced him money.

But the shareholders are not now sharing the undimmed optimism of Mr. Wilcox, and last December the company went into liquidation with very heavy liabilities indeed.

Another venture concerns a leasehold dwelling-house in Eccleston Square, London, which he purchased two years ago for £1,000. The deposit of £300 which he paid was also borrowed money.

The balance was left on mortgage, and £400 of this was repaid—also with money he obtained on loan! Later the mortgagee entered into possession!

A few months ago Wilcox was the subject of an unwelcome receiving order in bankruptcy.

Nevertheless, he was just as buoyant as ever when he appeared for his public examination in November last, though some of his many creditors looked more than dismayed.

Accounts he had himself filed showed liabilities of £11,200, against which his trustee expressed the opinion that very little would be realised by way of assets.

I am not surprised that, during his examination, Mr. C. Bruce Park, the Official Receiver, made some stringent comments about his activities.

One suggestion was that he had

"He purchased a leasehold dwelling-house at 7, Eccleston Square, London, on borrowed money . . ."

dangled a golden bait in front of people who had advanced him money.

Another was to the effect that he had given worthless shares to people who had advanced him money.

A third observation was that Wilcox borrowed money for concessions and then spent it on himself.

"You did well as a man living on borrowed money," he was told.

Now, the most astonishing disclosure about this man is that this is by no means his only appearance in the Bankruptcy Court.

He was first adjudged bankrupt in October, 1920. His liabilities were returned at £26,190.

Optimistic now, optimistic then! He estimated his assets at £3,107.

They proved to be valueless!

No dividend has ever been paid, and the bankruptcy was regarded in such a black light that his discharge was suspended for seven years.

In the proceedings he was described as "an insolvent adventurer." That is just what he is.

Within three years he went bankrupt again, with liabilities of £26,258. Assets on this occasion were airily announced as "nil." No dividend has ever been paid.

If any one of my readers have had dealings with Wilcox, I should be pleased to receive details of their experiences, if they would send them along to me.

In my opinion, this man's latest affairs should receive the thorough investigation they so obviously deserve.

Watch this Trio

A "WHIRLWIND PROSPERITY LETTER" is whirling its way round the country, starting from an office in Mandale Road, Thornaby-on-Tees.

You receive five letters free of cost. Your name appears on the fifth space in five letters, which you present to your friends, asking them to send them out.

By the time your friends have got their letters, your name will be in the fourth place on twenty-five letters, and by the ordinary rule of progression it will come first in 3,125 letters.

As each transaction costs a shilling postal order, you ought then to receive £156 5s.—provided everyone has played his part! The circular letter adds that small fortunes are daily being made on Teesside in this way.

This is a development of the old "Prosperity League," but in this case, besides sending a shilling to the first name on the list, you are also required to send a further shilling to "The Mutual Benefit Publishing Company" for five copies of their precious whirlwind letter with which to continue the chain.

It is not difficult to see who does get a little extra cash without loss, as the circular of this organisation so delightfully puts it.

Now I turn to a music ramp which is run by the Columbian Music Publishers, Ltd., of Toronto, Canada. This concern advertises its willingness to set to music original songs and poems.

A Darlington reader submitted a lyric with the somewhat lugubrious title of "The Death of a Heroine." It was immediately accepted.

* * *

In fact, Mr. Alexander Angus, the chief in Canada, wrote a most flattering letter to the writer.

Said Mr. Angus:—

"This song material has been given my careful consideration, and I find it has unusual merit. With a little revision the whole would blend perfectly with a beautiful high-class type of melody that I have in mind for this poem."

And then of course came the inevitable request for money—in this case forty Canadian dollars (about £8)—so that the song can be published at once.

The President of the company concludes a letter, "This lyric should make a lovely song."—And dance!

Beware of crooks who open a suit-case and display a number of small wrist watches, some jewelled, some plain gold.

They make much play of winding them up and mention they are all approved by a well-known firm.

They add that they are only selling the watches in order to advertise the firm's rolled-gold signet rings. They do not ask even a guinea for both ring and watch, only a single shilling.

Having impressed the crowd with this stock speech, they slip watch and ring into an envelope and, taking up two or three dozen similar envelopes, do some very rapid business.

Before the purchasers have had time to examine their bargains the men have packed their bags and disappeared.

No wonder. The "watch" is just two pieces of tin held together with elastic. The ring is valueless.

Poor Woman Exploited

A MAN lodging at the house of a poor woman in the village of Treowen, in South Wales, died in circumstances that called for a post-mortem operation.

The woman was informed that the examination must take place in her own house unless she was prepared to pay the cost of removal of the body to the mortuary and back.

She could not afford the expense, and so the autopsy took place in a room adjacent to the one in which the family usually takes its meals.

I am not surprised that this extraordinary occurrence was made the subject of discussion in the local Abercarn Works and Health Committee.

Councillor D. Granville West did not conceal his indignation. He said:

"It is a shocking thing that we have to hold post-mortem examinations in private houses. We should see that we do not tolerate such things in our area. I think it is the kind of thing that cannot bear repetition."

It was disclosed that the mortuary at the cemetery was not at the moment properly equipped for the holding of such examinations, although the necessary alterations were "in hand."

How can the council therefore explain why it proposed to charge this woman for moving the body to a mortuary which was admittedly not suitable for the holding of a post-mortem examination?

It looks to be like a piece of petty tyranny and officialdom of the most deplorable kind.

Oily Offer to Avoid

PETROLEUM ROYALTIES TRUST, LTD., of Moorgate Hall, London, E.C., has its own peculiar way of attracting business.

A circular sent out gratis by this organisation asks the very pertinent and engaging question, "Has the Capital Value of YOUR Investments Dwindled?"

If such is the case, then the Trust can put you on the road to recoup your losses. Its big selling line is oil. Oil royalties teem with big monetary possibilities.

Says the circular, this "is manifest in every moving object, whether ship, aeroplane, motor-car, train, or even the every-day domestic needs."

Petroleum Royalties Trust, Ltd., offers a series of Oil Royalty Units which provide the large and small investor with opportunities to obtain interests in 2,000 "producing and established oil wells within an area of 25,580 oil-bearing acres and under the management of the world's premium oil companies."

It all looks very convincing. I thought so myself until I discovered that the principal shareholder of the Trust is one Richard Oliver Mitchell, a financier whom I happen to know has been associated with several dubious companies.

For that reason I advise you to put his circulars in the waste-paper basket.

Your Watchdog Barks

The cotton-reel trick crops up again. You buy a seemingly genuine reel for half shop price from a hawker. It consists of one layer of cotton. The rest is just wood.

Professor Kastraka, writing from an address in Paris, says that for threepence in postage stamps—to be used for incidental expenses—he will send you a horoscope and a journal of astrology. We have no doubt he will.

* * *

Calling at houses of contributors to building societies in the Home Counties a persuasive man is asking for instalments.

He produces card. It is a fake. So is the man.

* * *

Seaside landladies are again being victimised by sharks who promise winter visitors in return for fees of 10s. or more.

The Unhappy DRINKER

We publish here the most remarkable analysis of the causes of chronic alcoholism—habitual drunkenness—ever written. The author diagnoses it as a neurotic disease, caused usually by unhappiness in childhood, which can be cured by teaching the patient the "technique of courage in the face of difficulties."

by Francis T. Chambers, Jr.

(as told to Gretta Palmer)

LAST week I received a telephone call from an alcoholic patient who had relapsed after several months on the wagon.

Our gentlemen's agreement was that he should tell me at once if he had anything to drink.

He told me that he had slipped, and was in bad shape; and I could picture him with a three days' growth of beard, in an hotel room, with the usual rumpled bed and half-empty whisky bottle.

"Are you ready to stop drinking?" I asked.

"No," he answered, with a dare-you-to-make-me air.

"All right," I told him. "Call me up when you are."

Sacrificed His Job

I hung up the telephone receiver, and fancied I could hear him pouring himself another drink, but within twenty-four hours he telephoned me to announce that he wanted to stop.

Until that had happened, I could do nothing for him.

It is my strong belief that no man was ever helped by being hoisted on to the water wagon by his friends or advisers. He must climb up of his own free will.

Drinking had proved an expensive pastime to this man. To support it he had sacrificed job after job, social position, friends.

Ultimately, it might cost him his marriage. He knew that drunkenness was fatal to his prospects—but he drank.

Had he decided that liquor was worth any exorbitant price it might cost him?

Certainly not. He had started his spree, he admitted, with the conviction that this time he would be able to drink like a gentleman.

Did his relapse mean that he found the wagon unendurable?

Not at all. But he had discovered that he could leave alcohol alone, and thought that he could also take it—two things which do not follow.

Emboldened by his stay on the wagon, he believed he had himself well enough in hand to risk a few drinks. They led him straight to an hotel room and an empty whisky bottle.

In the past four years I have interviewed many such alcoholic patients, and I have never found one who could hope to become a moderate drinker; it is all or nothing for them.

The therapy I use, with the co-operation of physicians, treats alcoholism as a mental illness and follows lines laid down by the late Richard Peabody, of Boston.

Mr. Peabody cured many abnormal drinkers; indeed, he cured me.

For fifteen years of my life I was an alcoholic; I submitted to almost a dozen "cures" which failed to cure, until I met Mr. Peabody.

The people I treat are members of the group to which I belong—the men and women who can never safely drink so much as a glass of beer on New Year's Eve.

A large part of my work consists in convincing the patient that the inability to drink is no more disgraceful than, say, a diabetic's inability to eat sugar. Some men, and women, cannot drink.

Most of the alcoholics who ask help are between the ages of twenty-five and fifty.

Under twenty-five, the driving force of youth and the ability of the nervous system to withstand repeated shocks prevent the patient from taking his problem seriously.

Over fifty, the confirmed alcoholic rarely exists; he has already drunk himself to death.

Lure of Liquor

Abnormal drinkers are drawn from every social class. They come from the slums and from Society.

Some of them have grown up in an atmosphere where drunkenness is treated as a joke; a surprising percentage of them come from teetotal families.

The only generality possible is this: Bad company has never been solely responsible for turning a controlled drinker into an alcoholic.

While liquor is to be had, some individuals will always find a fascination in its misuse.

Alcoholism in its incipient stage is almost as recognisable as smallpox. But the symptoms are subjective. Controlled drinkers ask nothing of alcohol but a heightening of the sense of enjoyment. Abnormal drinkers use alcohol to help them escape from the real world.

The abnormal drinker is always an unhappy man or woman, and one who at some stage has refused "to grow up."

Every drinking bout is an expedition into the past, an attempt to blot out unsatisfactory years.

Go into any bar and watch the little group of men that stay on and on for "just one more."

Temporary "Suicide"

They are not satisfied by the first stages of excitement and relaxation which liquor has brought them; they are looking in the bottom of their glasses for a temporary "suicide."

By drinking they are trying to narcotise their reasoning powers, since they do not like the things their reason has to say.

So to speak, they are smashing the telephone because it brings them unpleasant news.

Long before their first drink has been absorbed they have gulped down their sixth. This sends a richer mixture of blood and alcohol to the brain.

One mental faculty after another becomes paralysed.

In the later stages of the drinking bout the drinker's mental censor shuts up for the day and the wildest impulses arise from his subconscious mind.

The drunk who jumped through a plate-glass window "because it seemed a good idea at the time" is typical of this stage.

Fortunately for society, the release of these impulses is accompanied by a growing inability to act on them.

Usually the man who believes he can fly passes out before taking off from the third-floor window.

An observer watching the physical and mental changes which accompany a succession of drinks will see that they show a regression to less and less mature levels.

Step by step the individual retreats from behaviour appropriate to a dignified adult to the behaviour of an infant.

This travelling backwards is, I believe, the key to the behaviour of the unhappy drinker.

Whenever he drinks he will try to retreat to the period when his adjustment to life was still easy and lacking in self-consciousness.

Even normal drinkers show this tendency. The middle-aged man who meets an old friend will deliberately drink enough to make him behave like a schoolboy.

It is only on this level that he and his friend know how to meet.

A trained observer can tell, by watching a roomful of drinkers, at approximately which stage each of

In dregs of his glass he sees the father and mother—one domineering, the other molly - coddling — whose warring influences have made him unstable, caused the shadow of misery he is seeking to drown

them rebelled at the process of growing up.

Most abnormal drinkers are neurotics—cousins to the hypochondriacs, who have taken out their grudge against life by a different sort of rebellion.

Escape to the state they enjoyed before reality made its difficult demands on them is what they are seeking.

These neurotic men and women, who have wasted years unconsciously fighting an incident that is long past, are always unhappy.

Until they have faced their past problem and learned to understand it, they will continue to run away from it into all kinds of excess.

So long as they are running away, they cannot face it. The best method of breaking this vicious circle is to arrest the running away by showing them how to give up alcohol, and how to enjoy life without it.

With the help of his adviser, the patient isolates the experiences in his past which have defeated him and attempts, by gaining insight into them, to dispel his fears, doubts and conflicts.

Experiences that cause abnormal drinking almost invariably occur in childhood.

We specialists have found that an unfavourable home environment in childhood is responsible for 70 per cent. of all the alcoholic cases we meet.

Types of unfortunate early environment may be subdivided into: Parental over-indulgence, 60 per cent.; parental over-dominance, 10 per cent.; other causes, 30 per cent.

Patients are most often only children or the youngest children of a family.

Such findings suggest that many thousands of incipient drunkards might be saved if all parents to-day were on guard for signs of nervousness and instability in their children.

A child who is taken to a competent psychiatrist or a child-guidance clinic may be led to compose his differences with the world without carrying them over into his adult years, when they are bound to cause him trouble.

Escaping Reality

Neurotics who cannot adjust themselves happily to life seem to be on the increase to-day, and this early psychological treatment is of increasing importance in the world.

Vast numbers of us are doomed to a life of mediocrity and are harassed by a sense of insecurity.

Many of us try, every year, to escape by a retreat into one or another world of make-believe.

Those whose escape from reality is complete are the insane; those who escape occasionally with the help of alcohol are the abnormal drinkers.

In addition to having weathered a difficult childhood, most alcoholics show a "constitutional predisposition" for alcohol—85 per cent. of them, according to our figures.

This does not mean that alcoholism is hereditary.

It indicates that the patients may have inherited nervous systems which are highly non-resistant to alcohol.

Cheated of Happiness

But these come, as often as not, from parents whose nervousness was expressed in other ways than excessive drinking.

Thousands of unhappy individuals are turning to liquor to-day for solace—and the tragic part of it is that liquor will not deliver the goods.

In spite of all the sacrifices they make to the cup that is said to cheer, it serves only to plunge them into a deeper and deeper gloom.

Alcohol can bring happiness and gaiety to the man who is cheerful when he takes the first drink.

It can dissolve his sense of fatigue and strain, and give his underlying contentment with life full play.

But alcohol never brings happiness to the drinker whose fundamental attitude is one of discontent. It rather intensifies his miseries.

This is the paradox of the drinker. He remembers that he once spent a hilarious evening in his cups, and he persists in the stubborn belief that alcohol will always make him gay.

But short of oblivion, the drinking bout does not give even a temporary relief to such a man.

It is far more apt to lead to a crying jag, to a horror-stricken brooding on his own shortcomings or even, in some cases, to suicide while drunk.

The belief in alcohol as a short cut to contentment is the mark of the abnormal drinker: not an addiction to eye-openers, not the frequency of intoxication, not the amount of alcohol consumed.

Problem is subjective and belongs in the realm of abnormal psychology; the reason why a man drinks is always more profound than he realises.

Excuses which such a man will give you for his drinking are limitless, but none of them is real.

Distrust the man who tells you that he drinks because his marriage is unhappy—very probably it is, and his drinking is making it so.

The unconscious drive to drink is rationalised into any number of plausible disguises.

Since the impulse toward abnormal drinking is largely a product of the unconscious mind, the drinker has not much chance of curing himself without outside help.

He must be shown the underlying causes of his behaviour and taught the technique of courage in the face of difficulties.

This reconditioning of the drinker's point of view can be carried out only after he has renounced alcohol.

It involves interviews with the therapist—daily at first, later weekly—in which the early life of the patient is discussed, as well as his day-by-day reactions.

When the first problems have been faced, later difficulties usually yield to common sense.

The patient finds that he has been cowering before a bogey-man for many years.

Planning New Life

With a slight change in attitude, he can make over his life into a pleasant, profitable one, from which he has no reason to escape.

But patients will respond to this treatment only if they have become thoroughly convinced that drinking, in their case, does not pay.

I remember my own shocked amazement when Mr. Peabody said to me, "If you have any idea that you can still drink in moderation, there is no use in your consulting me.

"If you really believe that you can drink in a controlled manner, after what you have been through, the best thing for you to do is to go out and try.

"If you fail, come back and I'll go into the matter further."

Such an approach is a surprise to most men who have been labelled "alcoholic" by their friends.

What they can and cannot do has been thundered at them until they are surfeited.

They have been told that they must never have liquor in the house, that they must avoid association with their friends who drink, that their wives must never take so much as a glass of wine.

Actually, the reconditioning of the patient's outlook rarely involves the breaking up of an old routine; most alcoholics suffer from lack of any routine.

But this should be changed, and the patient should live according to a carefully-planned, self-imposed schedule of his days.

This sets aside definite hours for business, hobbies, relaxation, exercise, self-treatment, recreation and sleep.

Sometimes the psychological inventory, which is part of the early therapy, brings to light creative

(Continued on page 42)

Death waits for the Sleeper

Neill went over the starboard side, making for the 'plane

by **Helen Simpson**

Author of the recent best-seller, "Under Capricorn"

Suspense, drama, thrills—they are all in this great new short story which has a setting that is different

PEARL shell, iridescent discs the size of soup-plates that smell strongly, are what they dive for mostly along the coast west of Broome, Australia.

Naked divers working from luggers bring them up for the Commonwealth to export and manufacturers in England to turn into buttons or whatever else their fancy may dictate.

It is a business like any other.

There is nothing romantic about shell, any more than there is about halibut, though it is true that people lose their lives now and then bringing shell or halibut into port.

Lugger No. 227 was working along at her normal rate with her normal crew—four Japanese with their skipper, and the opener, an Australian, Neill.

The Japanese worked the boat, cooked and did the diving.

Neill's job, as his title implies, was to have first look at the shell, and to be responsible to the Pearling Inspector at Broome for anything found.

He was impulsive. Also, he was young. If he had been neither of these things trouble might have been saved.

They had been out ten days, drifting along past a coast-line of capes, keeping to ten or twelve fathom water, and having reasonable luck.

Pearl oysters are not found in beds; but No. 227's diver was a man with an instinct for this kind of search, and already had brought to the surface nearly half-a-ton of shell, which kept Neill busy.

On that tenth day out he found, in the fourth shell he opened, an unusual pearl weighing, at a guess, over 160 grains.

It was pink, of so curious a colour that at first he was inclined to suppose it a bit of coral which had crept somehow into the oyster's economy.

But it clung like a pearl, and it had a pearl's sheen

Neill gave a yelp which turned the heads of the Japanese towards him.

They came running, and bent over his palm with hisses of admiration, and staccato sentences.

★ ★ ★

No one attempted to take the pearl from him, or to handle it, but he saw, looking up suddenly from the treasure, that their eyes were in consultation.

Ito, the skipper, who spoke good enough English, said indifferently: "How much he worth?"

Neill, the memory strong in his mind of that legendary pearl fished up before the war which had fetched three thousand pounds, answered that there was no telling, but the thing ought to be good for two thousand, easy, from the French dealers.

He was understating his belief, aware that a pink pearl of this quality was rare.

Ito clicked his tongue, and translated to the crew, who nodded vivaciously and laughed. Then suddenly, at a further word from Ito, they went off to their quarters.

This happened at two o'clock in the afternoon. Neill suggested to Ito that it would be as well to make straight for Broome and not waste time going after more shell.

He was eager to get the treasure ashore, on to the scales, into the safe.

Ito agreed and started the aged, breathless engine, set a course due north, and took the tiller himself.

North did very well for a time, but towards evening, when the sun should have been sinking behind them, it was still on their left.

Neill who was young as well as impulsive, called out:

"Hey, Ito, lost your bearings? We'll hit Borneo at this rate."

The skipper smiled civilly, and made a reassuring gesture. He did not change course.

Soon Neill saw that the skipper and crew of No. 227 had other uses for a pink pearl worth about £2,000 than to hand it over to the Commonwealth inspector. Evident, too, that he, Neill, was in the way.

They could dispose of it easily enough. In Singapore were dealers who asked no questions, a fact which did not prevent them being told a good many lies.

And the value of four seasons' fishing—four seasons' discomfort at sea, all the diver's dangers and skipper's responsibility—lay buttoned in Neill's pocket.

He began to consider his resources. Authority—not much use at sea when so many, and such probable accidents may happen.

A gun—six bullets to five Japanese armed only with knives; very nice, if correct.

But an unpleasant recollection came drifting up. Had he reloaded or not, after potting at sea-birds the first day out from Broome?

He put a hand swiftly on the weapon at his belt, caught the eye of one of the crew, and dropped the hand again.

After all, he did not need to look. He knew with unpleasant certainty that there were now only two bullets in the chamber. So much for playing the fool.

Two bullets only. But the Japanese could not know it, nor that, in the silly confidence begotten of uneventful seasons, he had brought no more ammunition, and no other weapon.

Pearls of value are infrequent finds on that coast. The opener rarely runs his nose into danger.

Still, the Japanese could hardly guess that any white man would be such a fool as to expend two-thirds of his available ammunition potting at sea-birds.

As far as they were concerned he had six bullets, not two.

★ ★ ★

He took the gun in his hand, therefore, when the course did not change, and said to the skipper: "Better make for Broome, hadn't you?"

There was no response. Neill waited.

The dropping sun's shining track still lay at right angles to the lugger. "I said, better get back to Broome."

Ito nodded, and smiled, but did not move the tiller.

Neill, keeping a steady face, wasted one of his two bullets on bluff.

Ito started as the woodwork beside his hand splintered loudly, looked at Neill, looked at the weapon, smiled again, and resumed his blank gazing over the waters.

Neill had to reckon up the situation again. It was now clear beyond misapprehension or hope.

They knew that he was almost defenceless. They were going to wait for dark. They were going to finish him with their knives.

He became dogged with anger, and resolved that he would not sleep.

As a rule he ate with the skipper, lying by the cockpit aft, but this evening, when it became evident that he was not going to budge, the cook brought his usual supper, scone, tea, and tinned meat, and put it down upon the deck beside him.

He did not eat the scone, having some sort of confused idea that being made on board it might be poisoned.

But the meat smelt and tasted all right, as did the tea.

At ten o'clock Ito shut off his engine. They drifted.

Neill understood that they were probably by now out of the way of any shipping, and began to reckon just what that might mean.

Danger, a better stimulant than anything off the chemist's shelves, was driving off sleep, and he could think clearly, plan intelligently.

Still a few courses of action were left. He could, for example, offer the pearl in exchange for his life.

Common sense settled that, telling him plainly that they could take both whenever they chose.

What next? Wait till the men were asleep, knock all three on the head, keep the bullet for Ito?

As he pictured the thought, the skipper softly called out and a man answered. Watch was being kept.

Neill pressed back harder against the

(*Continued on page 26*)

Banish shiny nose forever!

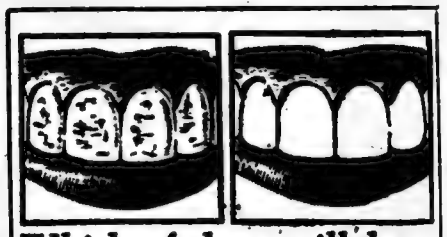
Never be troubled by shiny nose again. Use Snowfire Powder-Cream and always have a matt-finished skin that never loses its fresh loveliness even when you're in hot rooms or in strong winds out of doors. This *fine* powder-cream can't clog pores and there are five flattering shades — Naturelle, Peach, Rachelle, Deep Rachelle or Ivory to suit your skin colouring.

Never have a shiny nose—use

Snowfire

POWDER-CREAM

These prices do not apply in I.F.S.



Which of these will be a

Picture of Your Teeth?

Enamel Scratched & Scored or Sound & Spotless?—Your Tooth-paste will decide!

Cleaning your teeth can do more harm than good! If you are using a gritty, abrasive paste you are actually wearing away the thin coating of enamel which is all that keeps your teeth from decay. Sooner or later your teeth will look like the picture on the left.

Be sure that your tooth-paste is SAFE—that in years to come your teeth will still be as sound and spotless as those on the right. Compare your tooth-paste with the finest and smoothest of all—Odol. Get a tube of Odol to-day (or send coupon for free sample). Put both to the Bite Test. Grind a little between your front teeth. If your present paste seems the least bit gritty change at once to Odol—the tooth-paste dentists recommend because it is so safe.

Odol can be obtained as Tooth-paste or Solid Dentifrice. There is also Odol Mouth-wash and Odol Denture Powder.

Odol

Free Sample. *Post in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp) to Cranbrux Ltd. (Dept. J.B.3), Norwich, for free tube of Odol. This applies to Gt. Britain and N. Ireland only.* **BLOCK CAPITALS** *please!*

Name .....

Address .....

.....

"GET CLOTHES CLEAN WITHOUT HARD RUBBING? I WISH IT WERE TRUE!"

"But it is true, Dora! There's a new, easy way to wash that gets whites snowy with only 2 minutes at the boil; Soaks coloureds brilliant in 12 minutes... and no hard rubbing—

I'LL PROVE IT!"

★ AND SO, NEXT WASH-DAY

WELL, DORA, IF YOU ADMIT RINSO WORKS WONDERS?
I CERTAINLY DO! THESE COLOUREDS ARE BRILLIANT! YOU WERE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT... RINSO'S DONE IT WITH JUST A 12-MINUTE SOAK. TO THINK I'VE ALWAYS SOAKED THEM OVERNIGHT AND RUBBED THEM HARD... AND NEVER GOT THEM SO LOVELY!
DOES THE RINSO 2-MINUTE BOIL GET FULL MARKS, DORA?
YOU BET! THESE WHITES ARE ABSOLUTELY SNOWY!... YET I'VE SAVED 30 MINUTES' FUEL AND HOURS OF HARD RUBBING. I NEVER DREAMED WASHING COULD BE SO QUICK AND EASY! RINSO FOR ME FROM NOW ON!

Women simply amazed at ease and speed of new washing methods! Clothes brilliantly clean hours sooner!

★ ★

"I'LL PROVE IT!"

That's what women who have tried out the amazing new scientific Rinso methods are saying to friends who haven't tried them. These friends are slow to believe, of course.

And no wonder! For never before have women known a way to boil clothes clean in 2 minutes or soak clothes clean in 12 minutes. They had always boiled whites 25 to 30 minutes, and soaked the other clothes for hours, often even overnight, and rubbed till their arms ached!

SWIFT! EASY!

But now, when they see how swiftly the Rinso 2-minute boil works, they decide not to waste fuel on long boiling again! Instead, they put the white things into the copper in lukewarm Rinso suds. They don't soak or rub them beforehand. Instead, they simply dampen any extra-dirty places, sprinkle on a little Rinso and gently smooth it in. Then they bring the clothes to the boil as usual, and boil them for only 2 minutes. The clothes come snowy white!

They see how perfectly the Rinso 12-minute soak works, too! They put the clothes that don't need boiling, or can't stand very hot water, straight into hand-hot Rinso suds. Let them soak for 12 minutes. After that they're so clean they don't need any hard rubbing at all!

Besides getting a brilliant wash in record time, they save money on fuel: the Rinso 2-minute boil cuts down boiling time by about half-an-hour. No more steamy kitchens filled with the smell of boiling clothes! And because Rinso does the whole wash alone and unaided, they don't have to use bar soap, flakes, or any other washing powder with it.

SAVE MONEY!

If you haven't tried out the new methods for washing clothes, don't waste another minute. Give your whites the Rinso 2-minute boil. Save money on fuel! Give your coloureds the Rinso 12-minute soak. Don't do any hard rubbing—and there'll be a saving on clothes, too! For actual tests prove that clothes last one-third longer when washed the no-rub Rinso way. Give your woollens and fine things, of course, a quick wash-through in cool Rinso suds.

You'll have the cleanest, brightest clothes-line you've ever seen! And you'll feel as fresh as a daisy after doing a big weekly wash. And remember, Rinso costs only 3½d., 6d. or 10d. a packet.

B 2494-364-65 *R. S. Hudson Limited, London*

Rinso

"'CANTILEVER PRESSURE' THEY SAY! A GOOD JOB OF WORK IS WHAT THEY MEAN."

"'Cantilever pressure'! Something like the Forth Bridge, the man in the Showroom said. This is how *I* found out. I wanted to know whether an Acme could do a full family wash—including the blankets—without leaving me fagged out. Now I know. It *does* take blankets. It *is* easy to turn. It *does* store easily out of the way. And it does *not* squeeze the middle and leave the edges wet—that's 'cantilever pressure'! With the ACME I've got a first-class wringer-mangle which does all I ask of it in half the time, and when it isn't wanted it goes to bed out of the way in the kitchen cupboard."

ACME

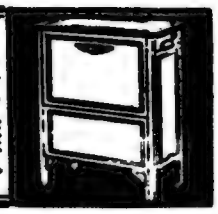
43- 14 INCH 39-

PORTABLE WRINGER-MANGLE

GUARANTEED 10 YEARS

Of all the best ironmongers, hardware and furnishing stores. Covered by a generous 10 years' free replacement guarantee.

IF YOU HAVE MORE ROOM choose either the ACME *'Folding'* model at 69/6 or the ACME *'Cabinet'* model at 84/-. For illustrated booklet 3C, describing all three ACME models in detail, write to ACME WRINGERS, LTD., DAVID ST., GLASGOW.



How I bring up five jolly children on a wage of **£2-15-0 A WEEK**

MRS. GILBERT'S WEEKLY BUDGET

	£ s. d.
Rent	1 2 0
Coal and Electricity	5 6
Food	1 5 0
Sundries	2 6
TOTAL	£2 15 0

(Mr. Gilbert is a porter at a block of flats. His Christmas bonus and tips cover holidays, clothes for the family, cigarettes, etc.)

"I always give them food that aids digestion"

"Rowntree's Cocoa is grand for that," says Mrs. Gilbert, of Tufnell Park.

"YOU'VE NEVER SEEN such jolly, sweet-tempered kids as my two," says Mrs. Gilbert, "always playing and chuckling to themselves.

"I do think I deserve some of the credit for that. I do the best I can, on a family income of £2.15.0, which leaves just 25/- a week for food, to give Betty and Roy the kind of meals that are really good for them.

"One thing that has been a grand help for that is Rowntree's Cocoa. It actually helps children's digestion, I find — their food never disagrees with them when they have Rowntree's at meals.

"And, of course, Rowntree's Cocoa is splendidly nourishing — well, just look at my two children! You can see how Rowntree's builds them up."

* * *

Rowntree's Cocoa is made by a special "pre-digestive" process, so that it actually helps children to digest all their other food and get more body-building nourishment out of it.

Meals with Rowntree's give children extra supplies of energy, and build up their bones, muscles and tissues more quickly. Next time you're shopping, ask for Rowntree's Cocoa.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert like Rowntree's Cocoa, too. Mr. Gilbert finds that it gives him new energy after work.

Free! **BAGATELLE BOARD**

One of hundreds of Free Gifts in exchange for Rowntree's Cocoa coupons. Free Gift coupons in every tin: send a postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. CE41, Rowntree & Co. Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for Free Gift Booklet containing Free Voucher value three coupons.

continuing

Death Waits for the Sleeper

walls of the well, resumed his computation of the stars, and renewed his resolution.

If a man could go a week without food, why not a week without sleep?

He was not seriously sleepy yet, though towards morning he had to take precautions against dropping off, changing his position often, and seeking out small discomforts.

At sun-up the Japanese, who had taken their usual night's rest, were briskly about the boat.

He was becoming aware that he need dread no violence.

They had only to wait until he slept. Sleep would do their job for them.

The Japanese busied themselves. They washed their shirts, they looked over the shell, they tidied up the lugger, and the cook began to compound a vile musky-smelling stew of pearl oyster, the scent of which nearly made Neill vomit.

There was no possibility of doing any diving, the lugger lay in deep water; but they got out lines and sinkers when the other tasks were done, and began to fish, by way of occupation and on the chance of a change of diet.

* * *

Neill called out for a line. Holding it would have given him something to do.

Ito smiled, but did not bring him a line.

The heat was increasing and Neill calculated that they must be somewhere west of Scott's reef, about latitude 14, and tried to remember the movement of coastal shipping.

He could not remember, and the effort of thinking made him drowsy. Also, it made him drowsy to look at the shining water, and he forced his eyes to concern themselves only with things near at hand—the grain of the deck, the hairs on his own arm.

By this time he had been thirty hours without sleep. Then his attention was caught by a sound in the sky.

The Japanese heard it too, and looked up from their fishing.

At first the 'plane was a blur, for it seemed to be flying out of the sun, but as it came lower they could focus it.

Neill saw it was behaving oddly, coming down in swoops as a leaf drifts; yet the sound of the engine was healthy enough.

From its tail hung a long wire which he supposed must be the wireless aerial. This was not drawn in as the 'plane dropped, coming right over them, almost at mast level.

They could see the floats, the number, a name painted on the silver side: WORLD-BEATER.

Neill knew this as the name of the 'plane on which a woman was attempting a round-the-world flight.

He stood up in the well among the apparatus, forgetting prudence, forgetting that the Japanese were handy with knives, and let out a cheer.

To him it seemed that here was one means of escape, not even hoped for.

Desire for sleep made him suppose for a moment that the descent had been deliberate, on his account.

* * *

Common-sense would have not a word of it. The descent was involuntary, the flier in trouble, the trailing aerial proved it.

Nobody would behave like that in the middle of the Timor Sea, unless there were something wrong.

He sat down again on the diver's helmet, drooping. But the Japanese were startled and uneasy.

When the seaplane made a perfect descent on the oily water, and rocked there not three hundred yards away, they began to bustle about as though preparing for a visit from some inspector, and made little gestures of interested deference to Neill as they passed him sitting in the well.

Nothing happened. The Japanese stared at the 'plane. Neill, too, got up now and then to stare at it. It slept on the water like a sea-bird tucked up for the night.

Gradually, the Japanese regained confidence, like wild animals when there is no movement from the man with the gun.

Ito gave an order; the cook tumbled into the dinghy and rowed towards the 'plane.

All watched. They saw him reach it, stand on the lower wing and peer into the closed cockpit. They saw him working with his knife, thrusting his arm through an opening.

Neill stood up suddenly and shouted across the water:—

"Hey, wake up, Mary Field, wake up, can't you."

He had remembered the flyer's name. But there was no sign.

The cook came back in the dinghy. He was laughing, and there was something hanging on his arm.

As he came closer he shouted. The crew grinned, and Ito translated for Neill, with a touch of malice:

"Woman sleep. Sleep very nice. Yes."

Neill's first impulse was to be angry with anyone who could sleep. Then his blurred mind made a picture; a girl fighting fatigue, nodding at the controls, retaining strength enough to make a descent and shut off her engine, enough strength perhaps to send a wireless message giving her position.

She was tough, by what he had read, ambitious, and the record meant a lot to her.

* * *

Hard to have to throw away all that in exchange for a few hours of sleep.

She could throw away her record, and wake up. He could not throw away the pearl.

The Japanese were distributing the contents of Mary Field's handbag.

They did not leave Neill out, but ironically tossed him a lipstick.

He caught the sophisticated little gilt tube that had travelled so fast from the other side of the world, while his mind repeated aimlessly:

"I can't chuck away the pearl, can't chuck away my pearl——."

For occupation he began to break up the scone they had brought him at dinner-time, and which he had not touched, rolling the dough in his fingers and playing with it.

To keep attention alive he made a pellet the size of his pearl, and touched it up artistically with lipstick to something the right colour.

It was not bad; it might trick the eye at a few yards distance. His mind changed its tune. "I can chuck this away if I want to, I can chuck this one away ——."

The phrase suggested something, the possibility of action.

He had almost forgotten, with the excitement of the 'plane's arrival, that he was a prisoner under sentence of death. Now he pulled his mind together once more.

When the Japanese next looked at him he was tying up a pink object in a scrap of rag, ostentatiously adding a bit of lead to weight it.

They became concerned, and he knew what they were thinking. It was what he meant them to think.

If he threw the pearl overboard by daylight it could probably be rescued.

But if he threw it over by night. . . . They talked together, and he had a moment's fear lest they might rush him, chancing at least one death.

For all that he was pleased with his strategem, which had disturbed their detestable placidity.

But they did nothing. The day wore on. The seaplane rocked tranquilly.

At six o'clock, as the sun was setting, Neill knew that sleep was winning. He knew that he could not hold out another night.

Now, while the deceitful half-light favoured it, was the moment to execute his plan; the plan which, as his thoughts turned and twisted about, had defended him for these hours against sleep.

He could do it all right, with luck and no sharks. Only the girl would have to wake up, and there was only one way to wake her.

Making his decision, he acted upon it instantly. Aiming carefully so as not to hit its vitals, he fired his last bullet at the 'plane.

Striking solid metal, the bullet ricochetted off into the water.

The crew ran from their fo'c'sle. They knew his one shot was gone.

Holding up the weighted rag into which they had seen him put what they believed to be the pearl, he waved it defiantly, and threw it as far as he could to port.

The little yellow diver went down into the water as it went up into the air, diving shallow and heaving himself with strong strokes towards the spot.

As the others checked their run for an instant, Neill went over on the starboard side, making for the 'plane.

A figure moved in the cockpit, and he shouted as he swam. "Let me aboard . . . God's sake . . . Japs . . . After me."

Sky and water darkened round him—then a torch was switched on.

Behind him, on number 227, there was a clamour which might have meant anything—anger at his escape, encouragement to the man who was after the imaginary pearl.

He put one hand to the little hard, round thing buttoned inside the breast pocket of his shirt, wasted a single breath in a laugh, and struck out for the light.

* * *

The tramp steamer *Sirius*, searching in response to a wireless call, came upon *World-Beater* at seven o'clock next morning, and was astonished to find two people in its cockpit.

After a voyage of some five or six days they were put ashore at Darwin amid considerable uproar from the newspaper men and photographers who had travelled to meet them by air.

The captain of the *Sirius*, giving his account of the rescue, is said to have observed that girls nowadays didn't waste much time.

But the reproach ought rather to have been directed at Neill, who besides being impulsive, was young.

★ Dale Collins

author of splendid novels of the sea, has written a grand short story for next week's JOHN BULL.

It is a drama of tropic waters, packed with action, excitement, and colour. You will enjoy every word of it!

THAT'LL SHOW-ER!

Tell every housewife who makes her own chutney or pickles to give it up and try Pan Yan. That'll show her what she's missing by making her own. Pan Yan is more than just a spicy appetiser—it is specially blended to stimulate the digestive organs. That's why people who eat Pan Yan regularly are cheerful, happy people. Yes—good temper starts in the stomach; and it starts when you have Pan Yan.

PAN YAN FOR JOLLY GOOD MEALS

What does the knife say to the steel?

The Reasons why MEAT NEEDS MUSTARD

1 **MUSTARD EXCITES APPETITE.** The fresh tang of Mustard on the palate makes your mouth water. It sets the salivary juices in action and the first stage of digestion is started at once. All later stages of digestion depend on this.

2 **MUSTARD SIMPLIFIES DIGESTION.** By breaking down rich, indigestible fats and breaking up the long fibres of lean, Mustard makes the task of digestion much simpler.

3 **MUSTARD QUICKENS DIGESTION.** Mustard stimulates the digestive juices of the system. The more generous the supply of these juices, the quicker and more complete is your proper digestion of food.

Mustard means Colman's all over the world

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee :—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

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FOR INFLUENZA COLDS & FEVERS

70 YEARS REPUTATION

SEND FOR A FREE COPY OF FENNINGS' "EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR" to

ALFRED FENNINGS, COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT.

Both flaky pastry— *but what a difference*

She tried and tried—but her pastry was always heavy . . .

but now

she's got "A Lesson in Pastry Making"—and her pastry is as light as a feather!

This FREE booklet, written by Susan Croft, is just what you've been looking for! It contains clear instructions for making every kind of pastry, and heaps of other useful information. But perhaps you will think the most interesting part is right at the end. There you will find a list of the things that often go wrong with pastry, the reasons *why* they go wrong, and the correct way to avoid each fault.

"A Lesson in Pastry Making" shows you how to make perfect pastry. Send for it, and you'll have no more trouble with tough short pastry or heavy puff pastry. All your results will be really professional.

Let Susan Croft help you—it's a great opportunity to show the family what you can do! Fill in the coupon for your FREE booklet and post it AT ONCE.

FREE BOOK SHOWS HOW!

To The Stork Company, Dept. L1. Unilever House, London, E.C.4. Please send me, free of charge, a copy of "A Lesson in Pastry Making," WHICH INCLUDES REGULO MARKS IN THE BAKING INSTRUCTIONS.

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....

Post coupon in unsealed ½d-stamped envelope

(PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS)

STORK MARGARINE

SUNSHINE VITAMINS A & D

Gift Coupon with every pound

JB 148-71-38

★ I CONFESS!—*by a convicted share-pusher* ★

Watch the share-pusher at work with a one-time leader of the racket who is confessing to JOHN BULL, the paper that helped to expose him.

"Show this gentleman out!"

How I Cheated a Police Chief

by John Marsden Firth

DURING my control of the Kensington Trust, I dabbled in various sidelines. I backed theatrical productions, making more money for myself and assisting some of my old friends of the stage.

One winter I had interests in several pantomime companies which toured towns in the South of England.

From boyhood I have always had a passion for the theatre.

I have earned a living as an actor, light comedian in a concert party, and clown in a circus.

But soon the Kensington Trust needed the whole of my attention—not only to secure a steady flow of investments, but also to steer people who were becoming suspicious and inquisitive about our methods.

My motor-yacht *Elaine II* came in useful for window dressing.

Owning the yacht was good for my credit.

One investor, a man of some importance locally at Maidstone, was becoming rather a nuisance to me. He had reached talk of legal proceedings.

He had to be quietened, and so I took the yacht up the Medway to Rochester.

From there I went to Maidstone to see my troublesome client, and was received most coolly.

Still, I managed to persuade him to return with me to Rochester to have lunch aboard the yacht.

When he saw *Elaine II* he was really impressed, and before he left, late that afternoon, he was "eating out of my hand," and extremely friendly.

Several days later I was in my London office when a card was brought to me. It bore the name of a chief official of a county police force.

What did he want? I raced over schemes of defence and kept him waiting until I decided what course to take.

But there was nothing unpleasant in the nature of his call.

He shook my hand and said that he had been given my name by the Maidstone client whose doubts I had so successfully quelled.

"Fact is," said the police officer, "I have some money to invest, and I have been thinking of doing business with you.

"Before I do so I want to ask you a straight question."

"Right, fire away," I answered, expecting one of the stock questions which usually come from wary clients.

★ ★ ★

But the policeman's question was different.

"Is this business straight?" he asked.

My method of reply took the officer by surprise.

I pressed the bell-push on my desk, and when a clerk entered, said with a show of indignation: "Please show this gentleman out at once."

Immediately my visitor's manner changed. He became apologetic.

"Of course," he stammered, "I had no intention of casting a reflection on your good faith."

Before I was really mollified he had written a cheque for £500. Every penny of this, I regret to say, he lost.

Cheques of £500 were becoming less frequent then, because I had begun to neglect the business

Living at Broadstairs, I started to slack, and every time I went to town I was faced with a two-and-a-half-hours journey.

I became careless, preferring to spend my time yachting and riding.

And the more I neglected the business, the more I spent.

For example, I learned there was to be a motor-boat race from Southend to Putney, and I spent £3,000 buying a speed-boat specially for the contest.

This boat was capable of nearly thirty knots an hour and I piloted her myself.

I won easily, only to be disqualified on the ground that the actual speed of the boat exceeded the speed which I had previously declared under the rules of the race.

It looked as though I had "cooked" the race on the handicap. This was quite unfair, because I had not.

Suddenly I realised I should have to do something drastic if I was to avoid Queer Street.

The Kensington Trust was tottering.

I had done all kinds of switches of the Trust clients into two other bogus concerns, J. Marsden Firth and Co. and Cotton Underwriters, Ltd., and getting people to carry over from one company to another was becoming more difficult.

Then I had a brain-wave!

It was to have sheets of stamps printed—similar to contract stamps—each stamp to have a "value" of £5.

All clients to whom the Trust owed dividends were sent stamps to the value of our debt to them.

In a circular, they were told that for every £20 of new capital they subscribed, they were entitled to stick one £5 stamp on the place provided on the application form.

On settlement day—six weeks ahead—they were promised £25 with the addition of any accruing dividends.

Thousands fell for this. Even those who had been frightened off by previous losses came in again, hoping to recoup themselves.

More than £40,000 was brought in by the £5 stamp scheme.

But my private debts were so many that even £40,000 was not enough.

Soon, instead of buying things, I was selling.

My yacht went for £4,000—a drop of more than £8,000. House and cars followed.

No more did I get umbrellas by the dozen from a Manchester firm who made them specially for me.

No more did I order a dozen suits at a time from my Savile-row tailor.

No more was I able to re-stock my cellar with the most expensive wines.

★ ★ ★

One reason for the change in my fortunes was an exposure in JOHN BULL concerning the Kensington Trust. The financial newspapers also started to criticise myself and my companies.

Vividly I recall my return from Paris with a new client from whom I anticipated getting money.

We drove out of Victoria Station, London, and there ahead of us was a 'bus which carried a JOHN BULL contents bill: "ARREST MARSDEN FIRTH."

All the buses we passed bore the same poster.

For a moment I was nonplussed. I knew my prospective client must have seen the bill and be wondering about it.

So I called his attention to the bill on the next bus.

"Isn't that a terrible thing for a man in my position?" I said.

"You know it refers to a distant relative of mine, who has always been a disgrace to our family, and has now run into serious trouble. Time and again my father and myself have got him out of scrapes.

"We cannot do any more. We are finished."

I went on talking in that strain, painting the imaginary delinquencies of my relative, until the elderly man with me became quite sympathetic.

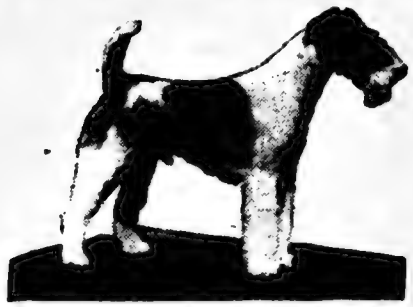
He said he understood how difficult it must be to me, and told me of a similar case which happened to a relative of his.

It never seemed to enter his head that the demand "Arrest Marsden Firth" meant arrest the cheat by his side.

Before the day was out he made a substantial investment with me. The fate

(Continued on page 30)

BENBOW'S DOG MIXTURE



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Since 1835, dog-owners have used "BENBOW'S" to produce first-rate condition in dogs of all breeds. To-day, over 100 years after its introduction, "BENBOW'S" is still made, under the supervision of a qualified chemist, according to the original formula. No harmful drugs or irritant powders are used. It is a purely vegetable production, acting gently but surely on the whole system of the dog, increasing his resistance to all canine ailments and giving him added vigour and general all-round fitness.

Of Chemists and Corn Merchants everywhere

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Dept. 'J.B.,' 2, Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1

Your A.B.C. of COUGHS and COLDS

Sooner or later, you or someone you know will start the usual winter cough. This time why not be ready for it? If you are quick enough you can nearly always get rid of it before it gets a hold. You know, of course, that all coughs and colds are caused by germs. If the germs are given time to multiply and settle down in the lungs and throat, the way is open for complaints of a really serious kind. That is why doctors consider that it is very important to attack the germs quickly from *within*. A cough mixture which simply soothes the cough temporarily is not enough. Famel Syrup is based on the discovery of soluble Lactocreosote, which has a powerful antiseptic and preventive action in the lungs. Germs of coughs and colds cannot live in its presence. Famel has been proved in hundreds of laboratory and hospital tests to be the medicine which does destroy the germs but does not cause distress to the vital organs. At the same time it calms the throat and removes the feeling of pressure on the chest and lungs. Its tonic properties build up your strength quickly, so that your body can defend itself against future attacks. Famel Syrup is not a mere 'cough mixture.' It is a scientific preparation—a remedy respected by hospitals and clinics, doctors and nurses, all over the world. Your chemist sells it—1/6 and 3/-.

Famel Syrup

Brand

GOES to the ROOT of your COUGH

For brochure "How to be Happy and Healthy in Winter" please write to Dept. J.B.D., Wilcox Jeaves & Co. Ltd., North Circular Road, London, N.W.2.

NATURE says 'CHEW'

for healthy teeth and fragrant breath — Wrigley's

WRIGLEY'S makes you *chew properly*, strengthening your gums and helping you keep your teeth clean and healthy. Wrigley's also soothes the nerves. The delicious, refreshing flavours sweeten your breath and freshen your palate. Wrigley's keeps you fit and alert. And helps the digestion as well. Start chewing P.K. or Spearmint to-day.

CHEW REGULARLY

WRIGLEY'S

E.S.31

Pity Peter's painful plight
Plodding homeward pushing bike,
Cannot ride, has to hike,
Lamp expired, will not light,
Peter! Ponder! Why not get
A Pifco Dynamo Lighting Set?

Unfailing brilliant light generated as you ride. 100 ft. headlight beam, red rear light. Silent, running. Quickly fitted. Saves money. Guaranteed.

PIFCO "Service" 6-volt dynamo, head lamp, red rear lamp, all chromium plated.

PIFCO

DYNAMO LIGHTING SET

AVOID ANY REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

FREE. Write for Catalogue of Britain's Best Cycle Lamps.

PIFCO LTD., Welling Street, Manchester, and at 38, City Road, London, E.C.1.

106

From all Cycle Shops.

★ *Accept this*

HEALTH OFFER...

IF you are run down, lack appetite and zest for life, fill in the coupon in the large advt. on page 16, for Special Trial Supply of 40 tablets of Yestamin, the wonderful Vitamin yeast treatment. Enclose 3d. stamp for postage, etc.

Jay's Policy

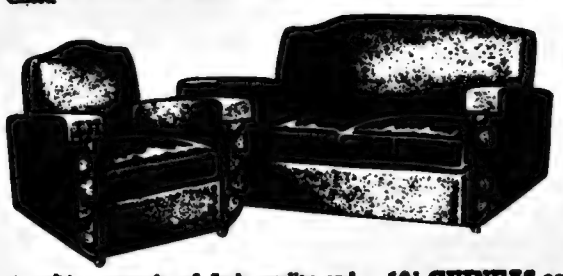
- FURNITURE — the best the money can buy
- All goods plainly marked
- 200 weeks to pay — prices as low as most cash prices, through huge resources for over 170 Branches . . . .

JAYS 6 POINT PLAN

LONG LIFE FURNITURE ON LONG TERM PAYMENTS

Serviceable full-size Oak Bedroom Suite in light or dark finish, including 4ft. Wardrobe, Triple-Mirror Dressing Table with two large drawers and useful Three-Drawer Chest.

11 GUINEAS or 16 WKLY.



A striking example of Jay's quality and economy! This Three-Piece Suite upholstered in Rexine with loose Velveteen Cushions to seats is surely one of Britain's biggest bargains. Made for hard wear and extreme comfort.

10½ GUINEAS or 13 WKLY.

Dining Room Set in Figured Oak, finished Tan or Jacobean, consisting of Sideboard, Table extending to 3ft. x 3ft. and four Saddle-Seat Chairs. All as illustrated.

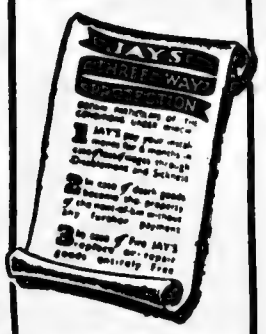
12½ GUINEAS or 16 WKLY.

Trade-in your old furniture as first payment on new Suites. The best price allowed whatever its age or condition.

CARPETS

Any Carpet delivered from our varied selection on payment of 10/- as first instalment on our Period Payment Plan.

- **LOWEST PRICES** brought about by Huge Production for over 170 branches.
- **3-WAY PROTECTION** against Death, Fire and Illness or
- **LOVELY FREE GIFTS** to customers of £10 or over.
- **SUPER QUALITY** 16 Factories making our Exclusive Designs.
- **EASIEST TERMS** 200 weeks to pay — No deposit.
- **GOODS MARKED PLAINLY** with prices and terms; guaranteed as represented and obtainable at every JAY shop.



Send for full details of the benefits and very reasonable conditions. Our booklet "Tranquility" explains all.

Jay's EASY TERMS

Worth	Weekly
£20	2/-
£40	4/-
£50	5/-
£100	10/-

PIANOS

are guaranteed by the Manufacturers for 20 years. A splendid variety of reliable models awaits your selection. Prices from 23 Guineas or 3/6 Weekly. 200 weeks to pay. No Deposit. Free tuning and free tuition for one year if desired.

Please send without obligation
○ Loose Leaf Catalogue ○ Piano Catalogue
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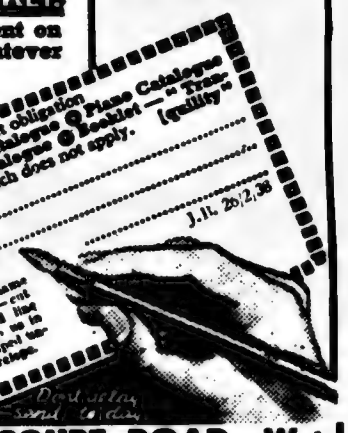
○ Cross out which does not apply.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

J.11. 26/2/38

Fill in your name and address — cut along dotted line and post to us in an unsealed envelope with a ½d. stamped envelope.



JAY'S FURNISHING STORES

248, 249, 250, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.1

(Telephone : Museum 8255 and 8256) *(Oxford Street End)*

MANCHESTER...28-30, Oldham St.
GLASGOW 19-25, Sauchiehall St., C.2.
BIRMINGHAM...99-101, Bristol St.
CARDIFF.....52-53, St. Mary Street.
EDINBURGH...39, 40, 41, Princes St.
LEEDS ..... 85, New Briggate
LEICESTER...The Clocktower, 6, Haymarket
NEWPORT (Mon.)...78, High Street
LIVERPOOL.....58-62, Church Street
NEWCASTLE 55-57, Northumberland Street
PLYMOUTH...7, 8, 9, The Octagon, Union Street
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STOKE-ON-TRENT 44, High Street
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170 OTHER BRANCHES

DRY SCALP makes your hair look dead

Use this HAIR DRESSING that ends Dry Scalp

DRY, lifeless hair is a sure sign that you have Dry Scalp. If unchecked it leads to falling hair, scurf, and even baldness.

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is the hair dressing specially made to end Dry Scalp. Every morning sprinkle on a few drops, rub in with finger-tips until scalp tingles pleasantly. Then brush your hair.

This hair dressing keeps your hair perfectly in place; *at the same time it does your scalp good all day long.* Soon your hair will be healthier, stronger. You need never suffer from Dry Scalp troubles again.

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is a very economical hair dressing. You need only a little. 1/6 and 3/- (3 times as much in larger bottle). Prices not applicable to Eire.

MARVELLOUS FREE OFFER! For a trial bottle of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic and a packet of 'Vaseline' Soapless Shampoo send only 2d. in stamps with your name and address to Dept. J.B.4, Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

The hair dressing that ends DRY SCALP

NEW!

'VASELINE' SOAPLESS SHAMPOO makes your scalp cleaner! (Soap leaves scum on scalp like on side of bath.) Price 4d.

4/38

"I Confess!"

(Continued from page 28)

of his money needs no explanation—it was used as a temporary relief to my dwindling bank account.

Adverse publicity I was then attracting came to the notice of the committee of the Nore Yacht Club—one of the most exclusive in the country—to which I had been nominated as a member.

From the club secretary I received a letter asking if I was the Marsden Firth connected with the companies of which unfavourable mention was being made in the financial newspapers.

Indignantly I wrote back denying any such connection, and at the same time withdrawing my membership application.

★ ★ ★

Rapidly the Kensington Trust was dying.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about it is that its death was a natural one.

No court order was ever made against the company. The Kensington Trust passed away from suspended animation.

Not that I could complain. In fifteen months I had netted a *total of £287,000*, and of that sum no less than *£250,000* went into my account and was spent by me.

Taking my previous history into consideration, the whole thing was little short of a miracle.

Particularly since towards the end claims against the Trust totalled more than £84,000.

From Broadstairs and luxury, my wife and I returned to London, settling in a small villa at Crouch Hill.

Another phase of wealth was at an end. What was in store? The outlook was black. Troubles were piling up.

In Carey Street the Official Receiver in Bankruptcy was becoming restive about me, for I had ignored the many demands that I should call and see him concerning my affairs.

This led to a visit from the court bailiff, who had designs, under authority, on my house, furniture and belongings.

He was beaten by the production of the deeds of the house and bills for all the furniture and other things *in my wife's name.*

Next a tipstaff was put on my track with orders to arrest me on sight.

For a week I dodged the fellow. Then, tiring of this silly hide-and-seek, I called voluntarily at Carey Street.

An interview with one of the Senior Examiners in Bankruptcy was not exactly pleasant. I did not expect it would be.

Demands were made for my books. I could not produce them.

They had been destroyed in an office fire. *Most* unfortunate that accidental fire!

Yet how was I to blame? I had nothing whatever to do with the fire. It just happened.

Naturally my books would have been useful for information purposes to the Bankruptcy Department.

I say again, a most unfortunate business was that accidental fire in which all manner of office records were destroyed.

★ ★ ★

When I interviewed the Senior Examiner he was unkind enough to question me about a diamond ring I was wearing. He said it looked valuable.

He seemed most upset when I told him the ring belonged to my wife, and promised to produce the receipt for it in her name next day.

Considering everything, I decided it would be better not to return to the Bankruptcy Court next day.

I went "on the run," and was missing for a considerable time—I was playing in a concert party at £3 a week.

For more than two years Carey Street could not find me, but eventually I was arrested for the Kensington Trust affair.

The arrest was made at the house in which I was then living, and I was accused of obtaining money by false pretences from the investing public.

After five hearings at the police court I was sent for trial at the Old Bailey.

Mr. Justice Findlay gave me eighteen months' imprisonment.

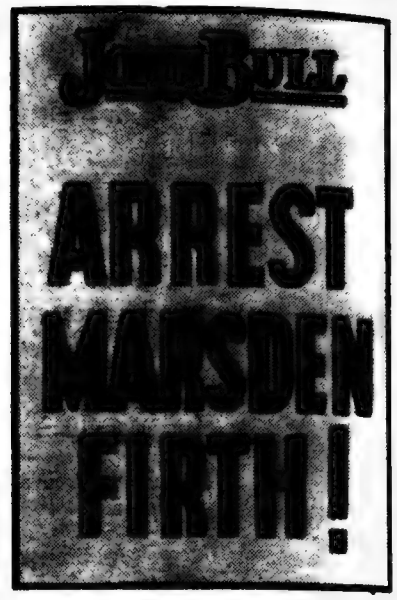
In the circumstances—and knowing what I did—the punishment was light. I should not have been surprised if I had been given penal servitude.

But that sentence was only postponing the inevitable. I got penal servitude later.

Next week....

My Deal with Jacob Factor.

This Bill Brought My Downfall



Special Pools Service (by "Poolex")

I MUST interrupt my series of weekly hints on the mathematical and forecasting aspects of the pools to deal with an even more important matter.

A few weeks ago, JOHN BULL had to call attention to the activities of a Mr. Frank Forsyth, who was offering, for 10s. plus 20 per cent. commission on wins, a "Government stamped guarantee" that he would win for his clients outright the penny pool dividend in several well-known pools.

Since this, other cleverly-worded circulars have reached me, via readers, from tipsters who all "guarantee" to win for you by their "secret" systems.

I am very glad that readers are passing this trash on to me for advice, and hope that others will follow suit.

The plain fact is this:

There is no practical method in the world which will *guarantee a profit* on the pools, or on any other betting transaction.

For those who may be tempted by any such rubbish, here is my advice. Read carefully every word of the announcement and decide what you think is meant by it.

Then read it over again and think of what other meanings could be read into the same words. You will be surprised. And, finally—keep your money.

Well, that's off my chest, and so, back to systems.

Recently, I renewed my offer to try to help readers with ideas for systematic investment, and asked them to send me their problems.

* * *

At least three-quarters of my correspondents want to win a penny pool.

It's only human to try for the big money, and I am pleased to help them, if I can, provided the odds against the punter in these pools are fully realised.

I have already dealt with several methods of attacking penny pool problems.

JOHN BULL of November 20, 1937, contained a method for results pools, using three bankers and costing 2s. 1d. to enter. In the issue of November 27, I published a 15-match points pool plan, which a number of my readers are already following.

It is an entry without bankers, designed for an investment of 2s. 6d. per week.

A similar entry for results pools, also without bankers, was published in the January 8 issue this year.

This is suitable for 10-, 11- or 12-results pools and requires from 12 to 24 lines.

Many of you will find the type of entry you have asked me for in one or other of these articles.

Back numbers of JOHN BULL may be obtained from the Publishing Department, 6, Catherine Street, London, W.C.2, price 3d. post free, or from your newsagent.

To comply with requests for other types of entry, not covered by these articles, I am working now on some new tables.

As soon as I have completed these to my satisfaction, they will be published in my notes.

Other enquiries I am dealing with by post as quickly as I can.

Meanwhile—a word of advice.

Many correspondents, who spend 6d or 1s. a week on the pools, have asked if I recommend them to send in more lines.

My answer is, emphatically—No. Always restrict yourself to a stake that you can easily afford, and never exceed it.

Graded Guide by "Poolex" (copyright)

Below are the games to be played on Saturday, February 26, not in the customary categories of League Divisions, but specially arranged to form a Graded Guide to the likely results of these matches. Six performances of each team have been assessed by awarding points for each performance on its merits.

Thus the likeliest Home Winners to choose from are at the top of the list. To pick likely Away Winners make your choice from those at the end.

POINTS IN FAVOUR OF HOME TEAM.

80	Kilmarnock v. Clyde.	37	Alloa v. Dundee U.	17	Burnley v. Plymouth.
72	Celtic v. St. Mirren.	36	Halifax v. N. Brighton.	16	E. Fife v. Stenhouse.
62	Mansfield v. Exeter.	35	E. Stirling v. Brechin.	11	W.B.A. v. Leicester.
60	York v. Oldham.	34	Tottenham v. Fulham.	10	Southend v. Millwall.
59	Preston v. Bolton.	32	Rotherham v. Wrexham.	8	Arbroath v. Morton.
57	Q.P.R. v. Reading.	30	Dumbarton v. King's P.	7	Coventry v. Swansea.
56	Man. Un. v. Blackburn.	29	Tranmere v. Gateshead.	6	Motherwell v. Hibernians.
54	Sheffield U. v. Sheffield W.	23	Middlesbrough v. Derby.	5	Cardiff v. Newport.
50	Chester v. Hartlepools.	25	Falkirk v. Partick.	4	Clapton O. v. Aldershot.
47	Dundee v. St. Johnstone.	24	Chelsea v. Blackpool.	3	Brighton v. Crystal P.
41	Bournemouth v. Notts C.	23	Carlisle v. Hull.	2	Northampton v. Watford.
38	Albion R. v. Leith.	18	Grimsby v. Huddersfield.	1	Rangers v. Aberdeen.

POINTS IN FAVOUR OF AWAY TEAM.

	Queen of S. v. Queen's P.	1	Montrose v. Edinburgh.	11	Dunfermline v. Airdrie.
	Luton v. Bradford.	2	Leeds v. Everton.	12	Torquay v. Swindon.
	Forfar v. Cowdenbeath	4	Bristol R. v. Gillingham.	13	Rochdale v. Barrow.
	Barnsley v. West Ham.	5	Bradf'd C. v. Darlington.	14	Liverpool v. Wolves.
	Charlton v. Brentford.	6	Hearts v. Hamilton.	15	Newcastle v. Aston V.
	Notts F. v. Norwich.	7	Portsmouth v. Arsenal.	29	Birmingh'm v. Sunderl'nd
	Southport v. Port Vale.	8	Doncaster v. Crewe.	30	Stoke v. Manchester C.
	Stockport v. Southampton.	9	St. Bernards v. Raith R.	31	Third L. v. Ayr.
	Bury v. Chesterfield.	10	Accrington v. Lincoln.	35	Walsall v. Bristol C.

"I wish I could keep my white enamel paint as spotless as yours. How do you manage it?"

"It's just too easy with Min Cream."

Tins 6d. and 1/-

MIN CREAM

W/30/10

THE CHARGE OF THE 'BRIGHT' BRIGADE!

"GIBBS OWN" LOYAL TOOTHGUARDS

The first time you use Gibbs Dentifrice you are "taken by surprise" by the lovely, lively, lustre Gibbs gives to your teeth, the tonic feeling of freshness it leaves in your mouth. The longer you use Gibbs the better you like it. To crown all, you can get Gibbs in whichever form you prefer—solid cake or tooth paste.

GIBBS TOOTH PASTE—famous for its refreshing flavour, its fragrant, antiseptic foam that purifies the entire mouth. Kills germs. Keeps teeth sound, sparkling, white.

GIBBS SOLID DENTIFRICE—has the same cleansing antiseptic properties as Gibbs Tooth Paste. Dainty, economical, hygienic, and long-lasting. Especially recommended for children and when travelling. The world's best Dentifrice in its most economical form.

Don't delay a moment longer. Remember your teeth are precious—once damaged they can never be quite as good again.

CHANGE TO GIBBS TO-DAY.

Your teeth are Ivory Castles—defend them with

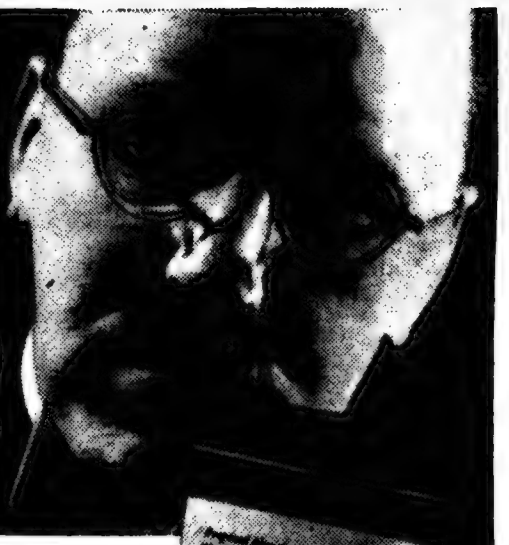
Gibbs DENTIFRICE

-in your favourite form

SOLID CAKES In Tins, 7½d, 1/-, 1/8. Refills 11d
TOOTH PASTE In Tubes, 6d and 1/-

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.1.

A Doctor's Advice to YOU!



You must build up the vital defences of your body against the attacks of Winter

There's no question about it! Winter finds all the weak spots in your defences. But you can always rely on HALL'S WINE to pull you through.

HALL'S WINE restores the balance of nature's defence forces in your body, builds up permanent strength quickly, gives you a sure defence against COLDS, INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS and other winter ailments. A wineglassful of HALL'S WINE two or three times daily and you'll feel fit to face even winter's worst.

Vital Strength in Danger Period

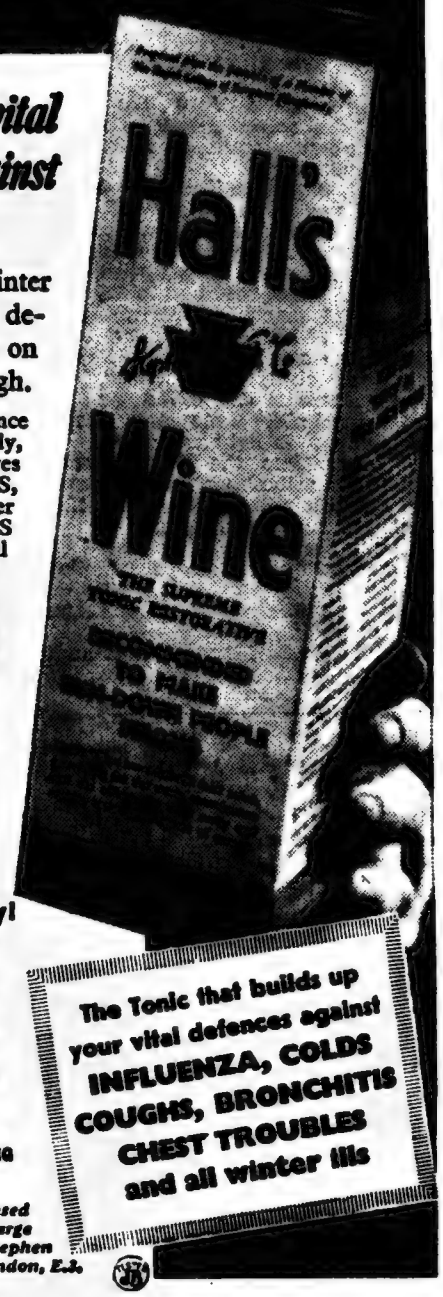
If you have already been in the grip of Influenza or the "common cold," it's a danger period for you NOW because in your weakened condition a relapse may occur. Start taking HALL'S WINE today. It quickly braces and tones you up, re-energizes and revitalizes your whole system, fortifies your heart and sends rich nourishment pulsating through your arteries. It actually starts to do you good within 30 seconds after taking.

Glorious new strength—permanently!

Unlike superficial tonics, HALL'S WINE builds *permanent* strength. Hall's Wine creates new rich blood, builds up permanent resistance to all forms of illness, helps to prolong life. No wonder doctors have been recommending it for over half a century.

GET A BOTTLE OF THIS WONDERFUL REJUVENATING TONIC TODAY!

From Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. Large bottle 5/6, smaller size 3/3. Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.3.



The Tonic that builds up your vital defences against INFLUENZA, COLDS COUGHS, BRONCHITIS CHEST TROUBLES and all winter ills

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-

FREE BOOKLETS

that will solve Your Holiday Problem

SPEND your Holidays the Polytechnic way! Write to the Polytechnic Touring Assocn., Ltd., 311 (N), Regent Street, London, W.1, for free copies of their 1938 programmes, offering suggestions for attractive holidays at special prices. You have a choice of any or all of these free booklets which are filled with ideas—suggestions for holidays abroad, at home, or cruises. You simply should have this information. No holiday will be complete without it. Write now for details of the holiday programme in which you are interested.

CROOKED HEELS

Dr. Scholl's Walk-Strates prevent heels running over; preserve shape of the shoe. Worn with comfort. All Chemists and Dr. Scholl's Depots, 1/- per pair.

Cultivate the habit of reading the advertisements in "John Bull" week by week. You will profit by it.

The Guarantee appears in this issue on page 27.

For Men who Care

about their appearance, their comfort, their pockets, Lybro Overalls are what they need. Lybros are roomy, made from material that relishes the rough-house of daily labour. Make sure your next overall's a Lybro.

Lybro OVERALLS

In case of difficulty write to Workwear Ltd., Liverpool

Man Versus the Ocean . .

is the battle that is being fought round our coastline. Yet the Government stands aloof while—

BRITAIN is being DROWNED

Heavy seas caused this havoc.

HOUSES hang precariously over the sea at Pakefield, near Lowestoft.

At Selsey, in Sussex, the sign of the skull and crossbones painted on the walls of abandoned bungalows warns the stranger that the land thereabouts is in danger of being submerged.

Waking one morning, a farmer at Sidestrand, near Cromer, finds an acre of one of his beet fields has been swallowed up.

For days the little village of Horsey, Norfolk, is cut off from the outside world.

This is how our coastline is being swept away. The process goes on unceasingly.

And the Government refuses to do anything about it.

In the Middle Ages the people watched the waves invade cities and plains, and were powerless to offer any effective resistance.

Dunwich City, with its mighty fortress, cathedral and fifty-two churches, gradually disappeared under the waters until by the reign of Queen Elizabeth it had become a memory and a legend.

Old Winchelsea vanished in 1287. The towns of Ravenspur, in Yorkshire, and Shipden, in Norfolk, are no more. Beneath the sea in Cardigan Bay are half a dozen cities and fortresses.

To-day there is this difference.

We can build walls and barriers strong enough to fight the waves.

But every time the Government is asked to do something really effective, the proposal is adroitly shelved as if our coast is not worth preserving.

Recently great gales battered the northern section of the promenade at Aberystwyth.

Sixty hundredweight stones were tossed about like pebbles.

Years of gradual erosion had undermined the foundations and given the sea the weak point it had worked for so long.

Now the protecting wall is a mass of debris and sandbags.

It will cost £70,000 to repair, and the local authorities find they cannot afford that large sum.

Rates in the town are already 18s. 6d. in the £.

After officials of the Ministry of Health had made an inspection they reported the Department could not make a grant.

No doubt a similar story will be told in regard to the damage done at the village of Horsey.

Here salt water, pouring through a 600-yard breach in the shore barrier, flooded twenty square miles.

The world-famous fresh water fishings of the district have been destroyed, and hundreds of thousands of dead fish have floated out to sea.

It will be five years before the farmland will be fit for cultivation again.

It will be several weeks before the sea water is pumped out of the flooded area, and so it is impossible at the moment to estimate the amount of damage done.

But, by way of commentary, we may add that in adjacent districts inadequate barriers against the sea cost something like £100,000.

Even that figure failed to impress the Government with the need for concerted action.

WHOSE job is it to repair the sea defences? Who will come to the rescue of the farmers?

Judging from past experience, there seems only a very slender chance that the Government will stir a finger in the matter.

This is a very grave national scandal which ought not to be tolerated.

As long ago as 1911 a Royal Commission presented a report on the danger of erosion to our coasts.

Eighteen years passed before a Bill was presented to Parliament, and even that was abandoned after a second reading.

Since that time administration after administration has refused to discuss the question.

When the Association of Municipal Councils sent a deputation to Westminster it was blandly reminded that redress could be obtained through the *existing channels.*

And what are those "existing channels?" In brief, they are these:—

The Board of Trade has powers in regard to foreshores but it has no funds at its disposal to deal with erosion.

If any problem arises it will advise claimants to apply to other Ministries which might be interested and which might have money to spare.

For example, if sewers are threatened then it is a matter for the Ministry of Health. If it is drainage, however, it must be referred to the Ministry of Agriculture.

When a road or highway is affected then application must be made to the Ministry of Transport.

Between the three Ministries any claims for redress effectively vanish, and work waiting for thousands of unemployed is lost.

In Whitehall the word erosion is almost taboo.

Bearing in mind this official indifference to a grave national issue, let us look back to a few of the things that have happened round our coast in recent years.

Sometimes erosion is spectacular, as in the case of Kessingland, on the Norfolk coast, where street after street has been slowly abandoned, the inhabitants clinging to their homes until the foundations have been washed away.

In other places erosion is slow, but sure, merely the constant wearing away of sand and shingle.

But the damage is being done just as relentlessly.

Forty years ago a traveller entering North Wales from Chester by railway used to get his first glimpse of the sea at Abergele.

HUGE sandhills spread along the coast then. They have long since disappeared.

At Rhyl the shore has fallen eight feet in fifteen years. Within two years at Dawlish Warren the channel to Exmouth has widened by 180 feet.

Experts are anxious concerning the wearing down of the protective shingle banks in the Solent. If they go, it is possible the great ports of Southampton and Portsmouth may be silted up.

High tides are always dreaded at Bognor Regis, and water pours down the famous South Street, between barricaded houses.

Not so long ago was the tragedy of a small village in Pembrokeshire, which needed £40,000 to save the neighbourhood from the sea.

The Government refused to make an advance, and the village was abandoned to its fate.

LESS than a month ago only the effort of a detachment of Royal Engineers prevented the sea from sweeping over wide areas of the farmland of Foulness Island, in the county of Essex.

Off the Suffolk and Norfolk coast there are many parts where fishermen now sail their boats where as schoolboys they picked blackberries.

Between Flamborough and Spurn Head there is an average fall away in the land of fifteen feet a year. Thirty-five villages have been swallowed up.

Whole cliffs have disappeared at Bridlington.

This question of coast erosion ought not to be left to local authorities to act in whatever manner they deem expedient.

Indeed, local authorities would welcome Government support in their efforts to keep the sea from eating away the land. They contend that it is a national—not a local—question.

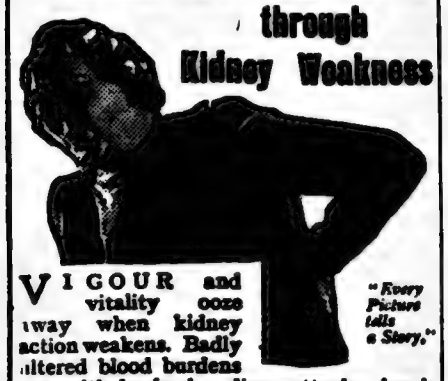
Also the time has passed when questions of grants to repair effects of damage and ensure there be no repetition of encroachment should be a matter for one State Department to dispute with another.

It is the duty of the Government to take up the question of coast erosion at once.

It must provide adequate sea walls and barriers to see that the coastline is not undermined.

Local authorities are often far too short of money to effect anything but a make-shift remedy—a remedy which may lead to bigger disasters in the future.

Tired and Worn through Kidney Weakness



"Every Picture tells a Story."

VIGOUR and vitality ooze away when kidney action weakens. Badly filtered blood burdens you with backache, dizzy attacks, headaches, urinary disorders, bladder weakness, swollen limbs, stiff, inflamed muscles and joints. Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills end these pains by their direct action upon the kidney filters. They flush and invigorate the kidney system and destroy bacteria in the urine, so that you get back the energy and lasting good health you need to enjoy life.

Chronic Kidney Weakness Ended

Mrs. J. A. Goodman, 195, Union Street, Middlesbrough, says:—"My kidneys were affected for over five years. Sharp pains in my back made it hard to get about. I often fainted away and my head bothered me a great deal. The water was in an unnatural state. The only medicine to do me good was Doans Backache Kidney Pills. They not only eased the pains but completely restored the kidneys to health. I recommend Doans Pills to all my friends.

(*Signed*) J. A. Goodman."

Get rid of Kidney Troubles, Backache, Stiff, Swollen Joints, Urinary Troubles, Disturbed Rest.

Ask your Chemist for

1/3 3/6 6/- 10/6

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

Painful PILES

Simple Self Treatment Gives Amazing Benefits

Medical opinion favours Suppository treatment for this agonising and weakening complaint, and sufferers find that "Germoloids," the special suppositories made in the famous Germolene Laboratories, always give astonishing benefits. They stop pain almost instantly, they steadily reduce the inflammatory condition, and they ward off further attacks. Special astringents reduce swellings, contract the surface blood vessels and stop bleeding. Other ingredients protect exposed nerves with a lasting film, whilst bathing all affected parts with healing, soothing antiseptics. Germoloids are small, convenient, and hygienic, equally suitable for all types of Hæmorrhoids, and similar complaints. Their emollient and lubricating "base" helps to avoid the commonest cause of constipation.

Use one each night until healed—then one per week to prevent further attacks.

Germoloids

From All Chemists, 1/3 per box of 12. (For External Piles use Germolene brand Ointment in addition.)

Men are getting "better groomed" every day

THANKS TO THE

OLIVE OIL SHAVE!

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4. Has strong bubbles which hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5. Fine after effects due to olive and palm oil content.

More men look well-groomed than ever nowadays. That's because no beard is too tough a proposition for Palmolive! And more men use Palmolive than any other shaving preparation! Palm and olive oils are the secret of Palmolive's super-softening powers. Because of these oils, too, Palmolive's rich and generous lather acts as a lotion and gives the grandest refreshing after-shave comfort!

6d. AND 1/-

HERE'S A FRIEND THAT NEVER FAILS -

The Berkeley SUPERLAX

EVEN on the coldest days and dullest evenings, the Berkeley Superlax brings an atmosphere of warmth and contentment into the home. Deeply upholstered and gloriously comfortable, this big friendly Easy Chair suits everyone, tall or short, and by its special patented automatic action you can change to any position—upright, resting or lounging—without leaving or adjusting the chair. Whatever your mood—whether you want to knit, sew, read or rest at length—the Berkeley Superlax gives you the perfect position of ease, and relaxing in its cosy depths you soon forget the worries of the day.

Handsome, durable, and modern in design, the Berkeley Superlax is a masterpiece of VALUE. Although only the best materials are used throughout, and the finest workmanship employed, it is offered at a very low price. This is only possible through enormous output from the huge Berkeley factories and direct selling to the public. See the *models of Berkeley Upholstery and range of coverings before deciding on your furnishing scheme. Send Coupon NOW!*

Sold under our usual Guarantee of money back if not satisfied within seven days. FREE Delivery in England, Wales and Scotland.

SPECIFICATION: Best Birchwood Frame. Wide Arms. Perfect Springing in Seat and Back. Seat and Arms ALL-HAIR STUFFED. Beautiful & durable Coverings. Back & Seat easily removable for cleaning. Strong concealed castors.
Fully Patented No. 414464.

Genuine Berkeleys cannot be obtained from any other furnishing house.

IN A QUALITY COVERING
CASH PRICE **72/6**
or 75/- 1—10/- with order and balance 10/- monthly.
SETTEE to match £6 · 2 : 6

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West End Showrooms: 138, VICTORIA ST., S.W.1
Branches: 83-87, London Road, CROYDON; The Parade, WATFORD; 85, New St, BIRMINGHAM; 71, Deansgate, MANCHESTER; 149, Becontree Avenue, DAGENHAM.

COUPON Please send Catalogue of all Models of Berkeley Upholstery, together with complete range of Coverings.
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Address _____
John Bull _____

GOOD NEWS FOR WEARERS OF FALSE TEETH

You can positively fix false teeth so that they cannot slip or click. Tens of thousands have proved it. Simply sprinkle Dr. Wernet's Powder on your plates—effect is amazing. Nearly puts "Roots" into dentures—holds plates firmly, yet comfortably, all the time. No more embarrassment—no more sore gums. You talk naturally and chew thoroughly, as with natural teeth. Quite harmless and cannot upset the stomach. Try it to-day. Of Chemists everywhere.

Sufferers from VARICOSE ULCERS, WOUNDS, ECZEMA, BURNS, PSORIASIS, and all skin diseases will find THOMAS' Brand HEALING SALVE always brings relief. This wonderful ointment soothes, and draws away the poison from the first application. No home should be without it. Taylors Drug Co., Ltd., Woodlands Chemists, or from your usual Chemist.

THOMAS' Brand HEALING SALVE
Price 7½d., 1/3, 2/-, 3/6, 5/-, post free.
Prepared by DOUGLAS (Chemists) Ltd., 73, Upper St., LONDON, N.1

VIGOUR
VITALITY
CONFIDENCE

—come from correctly balanced poise of Body and Mind.

GUYS TONIC
Brand.

the proved Remedy for Nervous and Digestive disorders restores and maintains this balance. *Send 3d. stamps (postage) for free sample and information.* GUYS TONIC Ltd. (Dept. 185), 272, South Lambeth Road, London, S.W.8.

FOR A VELVET SHAVE

THE RELIABLE 1d. BLADE
SOLD ONLY AT
WOOLWORTHS

2D STOPS

Get BEECHAMS POWDERS, the remedy which acts like magic, and stop that 'Flu Attack NOW —for 2d.!

Stop that sneezing and shivering,—for 2d.!

Stabbing agony! Swollen joints! 2d. is all you need pay for relief! Take BEECHAMS POWDERS.

Relief in record time and at the record low cost—of 2d.! Take a BEECHAMS POWDER NOW!

YES! 2d. is all you need pay for relief!

BEECHAMS POWDERS cost only 2d. each, but they act like magic because they are more easily assimilable owing to their special powder form.

BEECHAMS POWDERS kill Winter Ills! The relief they bring is priceless but they are obtainable at a price everyone can afford! The best and the quickest, as well as the cheapest way to get rid of your ills is to get BEECHAMS POWDERS *NOW!*

BEECHAMS POWDERS Brand 2D EACH
ACT LIKE MAGIC

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d. each. Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

FULL PRICE 16/11

Inches, and Years VANISH Together

Don't get prematurely old because of unwanted flesh. Figure loveliness and radiant health can be yours by wearing the new Ambrose Wilson ALL-IN-ONE SLIMMING CORSELET. Superfluous flesh disappears in a marvellous way until you have recaptured the youthful figure-line so much admired.

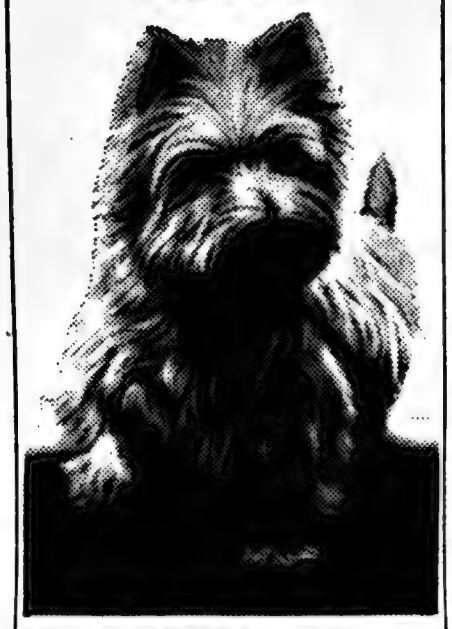
Made of light petal smooth rubber, lined for perfect hygiene and perforated to allow your skin to breathe, this wonderful foundation garment corrects all figure faults and by gentle massage eliminates unwanted fat. With this 'second skin' attuned to your body, you can live, work, stretch and bend in a comfort that will make you believe you haven't any corset on at all. For 2/- (plus 6d. postage) we will send you one of these SLIMMING CORSELETS, on approval to try on in your own home. If not delighted your deposit refunded immediately without argument. The full price is 16/11 but the balance may be paid by monthly instalments of 3/6. (EASY TERMS NO EXTRA). *The Corselet has adjustable back lacing and side fastening. Bust section is of lace. A diaphragm control with light "V" boning is a special feature. Bust sizes from 30 to 46 ins.*

COUPON Please send me an Ambrose Special Slimming Corselet on approval. *Enclose crossed P.O. Postal Order for 18 (deposit & postage) with full name (Mrs. or Miss) and address. Or send full cash.* J. Bull. 26/2/38

Bust	Waist	Hips

AMBROSE WILSON LTD
WORLD'S LARGEST MAIL ORDER CORSET HOUSE
469 Ambrose House, 68 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., London, S.W.1

Winter never gets the plus dog down



'One Bob Martin's once a day' keeps him on top of his form

The *plus* dog doesn't mind the weather. His thick warm coat protects him from cold and wet. And even when he can't get out for his usual run, he remains fit and lively. The *plus* dog owes his health and splendid winter coat to his daily Bob Martin's. By purifying his blood, these famous powders keep him safe from the common winter blood disorders caused by restricted exercise and the richer, greasier foods that winter brings. Let *your* dog enjoy *plus* dog fitness this winter. Begin now to give him his 'one Bob Martin's once a day'. He'll reward you with the close and cheerful companionship it takes a *plus* dog to give.

If your dog is out of condition

If your dog is scratching, listless or suffering from any of the other common blood disorders, such as loose coat, eczema and swellings between the toes, he will need special treatment. Follow the directions given in the Bob Martin packet and soon he'll enjoy glorious *plus* dog health.

Sprinkle the powder in a little milk, or on his food, or drop it dry on to his tongue. Bob Martin's Condition Powders are quite tasteless. In packets, 6d. & 1/-, from all chemists, dog shops, etc.

BOB MARTIN'S CONDITION POWDERS

for better health, better coat, better spirits

Human Documents by Philip Inman

MUSSOLINIS in the HOME

"SHE has become a Mussolini," writes a young man of his girl. Here is his story:

Her mother, though a very capable housewife, ruled the roost. And her husband and family had to do what she decided, without question or argument.

Rather than condemn the children to everlasting quarrelling, the husband meekly submitted.

A few months ago my employers offered me a better job in London, and although I was not keen on accepting, my girl urged me to do so in order that after marriage she might be able to manage her own life independent of her mother.

But now the position has altered. Two months ago her mother died, and without consulting her father, or me, or anybody else, she threw up a good secretarial post to run the home.

Now she has started to do exactly as her mother did, and expects us all to obey her.

She has told me to ask my employers to transfer me back again, although she knows I have settled down in London and am doing well.

I do not want to be unreasonable, but I couldn't be a wife-bossed husband, and I am afraid that if she tried to rule me as her mother did her father there would be endless trouble.

When I told her flatly that no wife of mine would wear the breeks, she just smiled and said that was a matter that couldn't be settled until after marriage.

We are supposed to be getting married at Easter, and I should like to know what you think I ought to do.

I take it that up to her mother's death this girl was everything her young man desired. What has caused her to change so suddenly?

Maybe she wants to show off her newly acquired sense of power and authority.

Her father's weak and submissive attitude has given her the impression that other men can be "bossed" in the same way. She must learn that she can't always have her own way.

Take the question of the young man's employment. She urged him to accept the position in London. What would his firm think of him if he was to be transferred back again, especially when he is doing so well and has settled down so happily?

I hope he will not agree to her request. He should certainly not be rushed into marriage at Easter. The present high-handed attitude of his girl would, as he says, only lead to "endless trouble."

Postponement of the wedding even for a few months may help to adjust her outlook. After all, mutual give-and-take is the real basis of married happiness.

IT IS ALWAYS A GREAT PITY TO hear of disaster coming to a marriage that started well. Unless something is done, that will be the fate of my next correspondent and his wife, whose wedding was only a year ago. He writes:

For the first three months our happiness seemed complete. But then my wife started finding fault and would nag me over the most trivial things.

I did everything I possibly could to please her, but things became worse and without the least provocation she would fly into a terrible temper and attack me, usually with a poker. With the exception of a few shillings, which was just enough to cover my bus fares, I handed over all my money.

Also, I gave up all my friends and never went anywhere unless she came with me. I have not seen even a football match this season because she did not want me to leave her.

Before our marriage my wife was away working, and although we were engaged for seven years, apart from holidays we saw little of each other.

As the result of her treatment my health began to suffer. I told her that if she did not alter I should have to leave her.

A month ago, after one of her outbursts, I cleared out. I feel very worried about everything because she is expecting a baby in a few months' time.

What would you advise me to do?

This man has not been a husband but a door-mat.

No wonder the marriage has broken down, and there is a moral in all this for other engaged couples.

They "saw very little of one another" before their marriage, and that is a poor basis upon which to build a life partnership.

I suggest that this man should ask a mutual friend or a clergyman or solicitor to act as intermediary between him and his wife. Should such a plan succeed, then it is up to him to remember his rights as a husband.

I am sure that women have far more time for a man than for a jelly-fish.

NOW, IN CONTRAST, LET US look at a husband dictator. His wife says:

We have been married three years, have a lovely baby and a comfortable home.

Naturally I am house-proud, and my husband's meals are always ready for him when he comes in, though sometimes he does not leave work until midnight.

As I was left so much on my own, I made friends with a very nice girl, but without giving any reason my husband has stopped her from coming to see me.

He always creates trouble when I say I want to go to see my parents, and I am not allowed to go anywhere unless he goes too.

If he does not alter I am afraid something dreadful will happen, as I cannot stand such treatment much longer.

Now it is not easy to change an unreasonable husband into a reasonable one.

I am sure this girl has tried to do so. She has, I presume, told him of her lonely hours when he is late at work. She has, no doubt, pointed out that life would be happier and more contented for her if only she had a little freedom to make friends.

If persuasion has failed, other methods must be tried. No use suggesting that her parents might talk to him, for a man of this type might resent their interference.

But he would probably have to take notice of a doctor.

This girl's nerves are obviously suffering because of his treatment.

A medical man could prescribe her a tonic. He would also want to get down to the cause of her trouble. And he could suggest to the husband what the remedy should be.

There are many good reasons why this married life should be preserved. Let me name just two of them—that lovely baby and comfortable home.

MY NEXT CORRESPONDENT—A young man—seems to have two bosses. He tells me:—

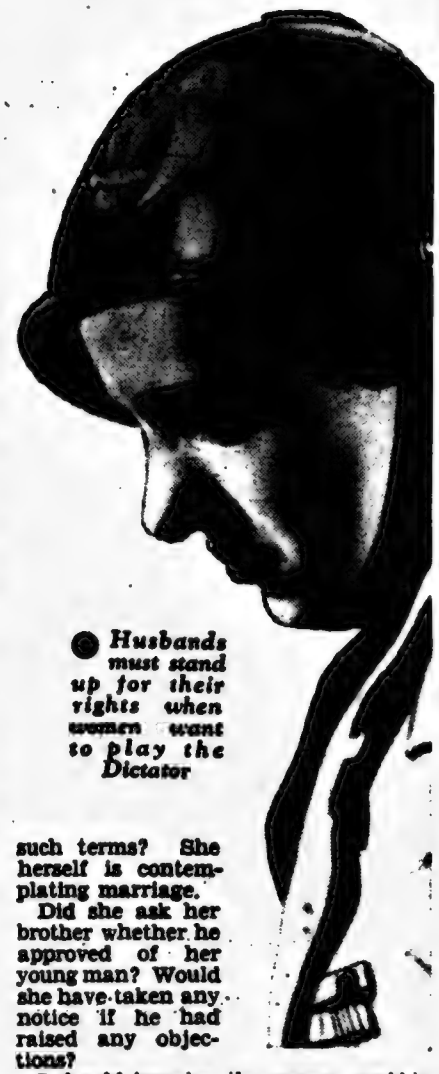
My mother is a widow and my sister is a school teacher, and neither of them like the girl to whom I am engaged.

My sister tells me that it is my place to look after mother as she intends to marry very shortly.

I earn £2 10s. a week, and I only keep ten shillings for myself, out of which I pay for my clothes. So I have not much chance of saving for a future home.

I don't know what to do. Should I give up my fiancée and stand by mother? I know I should never be happy with any other girl.

What right has that sister to lay down such terms? She herself is contemplating marriage.



Husbands must stand up for their rights when women want to play the Dictator

Did she ask her brother whether he approved of her young man? Would she have taken any notice if he had raised any objections?

I should imagine the answer would be "No" in both cases.

Why should she criticise his choice of girl? Another point. Why should the sister saddle the whole responsibility for the care of the mother upon this young man?

It is only right that she should take her share of the duty. Her brother is entitled to choose his future as she has chosen hers.

I see no reason why my correspondent should give up his girl. He is in love with her, and his mother and sister can have no real grounds for their objections.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. Letters sent to Mr. Inman at any other address cannot be dealt with. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

"The Greatest of These"

Eleanore

ELEANORE has met with a lot of unhappiness in her four years. She is a nervous child, having just recovered from St. Vitus' dance, and when her mother took her to the Welfare Centre, they said she was underweight and needed building up.

The mother was forced by the unsatisfactory conduct of her ex-Service husband to get a separation order, and though he was ordered to pay £1 a week maintenance, he became unemployed and failed to keep this up.

For weeks Eleanore and her mother tried to live on 7s. Then the Welfare Centre authorities stepped in and got help for them from the P.A.C.

Eleanore's mother would get work, but rheumatic fever has left her with a weak heart.

The room they occupy at 6s. a week is damp and so small that there is no room for a proper bed. What is worse, their blankets and clothes are in pawn.

Donations earmarked "Eleanore," or for the General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application

Did you say Shag?

Well, talking about Shag, although you enjoy a good Shag Tobacco, you've most probably not realised full pleasure from your pipe, if you haven't tried Player's Digger Shag. Digger is made of the choicest Empire leaf by Player's, and it lives up to their reputation. Actually Digger has a larger sale than any other Empire Tobacco . . . . . and so many smokers can't be wrong.

PLAYER'S DIGGER SHAG

Also FLAKE • PLUG • MIXTURE • HONEYDEW

8

P.D.58A

HAIR

STOP Hair Falling, Combing out and Thinning
END Dandruff and Fading
AVERT BALDNESS

We could fill the whole of this paper with similar grateful letters and photos as those below proving the wonders Kotalko has worked in many forms of hair trouble.

Told he would always be bald *KOTALKO soon grew new hair*

Turning grey *KOTALKO restored natural colour*

Wasted Pounds *then tried KOTALKO*

My hair fell out *KOTALKO brought fine thick growth*

Afraid to comb her hair *New, strong hair using KOTALKO*

"I had no hair on my head at all. I was told I should never have another hair as long as I lived. **A hairdresser whom I consulted confirmed this.** I bought Kotalko and Kotalko Soap. **The new hair soon began to grow,** and now no one seeing me would credit I had been bald. The hairdresser and many others can confirm all I say."—J. BINDLEY.

"**My hair was falling rapidly and becoming terribly thin.** I had used different tonics, but the excessive falling of the hair continued. **Then I tried Kotalko. My hair stopped coming away on the comb, and a New, Beautiful, Thick Growth developed, free from dandruff. Also my hair, which was going grey,** resumed its natural colour."—Miss D. BELL.

"**My husband's head** was in a terrible state. One big bald patch on the top of his head was the size of a teacup. **We had spent pounds** in trying to get this condition different. We sent for Kotalko and by the photo you will see that we have much to be thankful for."—W. JOBSON.

"Before using Kotalko my **hair was very weak and falling out in combfuls** until the scalp was almost bare on top. I had used several tonics. Then I used Kotalko. **Before I had finished the second box my hair seemed stronger.** This improvement continued and the hair is now **thick and lustrous** and is a mass of waves."—M. J. MURPHY.

"**Once I was afraid to comb my hair;** this is no longer so, for the falling has completely stopped. My head is completely covered with a **thick growth of new, strong hair.** Kotalko Soap is also worthy of praise. It is better than anything I have yet used for washing my hair."—Miss M. WOODHALL.

Even if you have been actually bald for years, try Kotalko. If your hair is only falling, gradually becoming thinner, or becoming dead looking or lustreless, use Kotalko NOW and so AVERT premature baldness. **Kotalko stimulates and awakens dormant roots, softens hardened scalp, clears up those deposits of dandruff which clog the hair passages and prevent the new hairs growing through the scalp. Kotalko and Kotalko Soap soon check falling hair, cover thin spots with vigorous new growth, remove unsightly dandruff and will make your hair glossy and "alive."** Kotalko is not a "new discovery." Kotalko has proved itself. It has stood the test of time. **For 21 years** Kotalko has brought benefits to **people of all ages.** No matter what your age, whether your hair is thin, brittle, splitting, falling, choked with dandruff or even if there are signs of baldness, Kotalko and Kotalko Soap are what you need. Let a trial sample prove that Kotalko can do in your case what it has done for countless others—give you a new growth of glossy, vigorous colourful hair. Surely your appearance is worth more than 3d., it costs to secure this Double Test Sample. **FILL IN THE COUPON BELOW AND POST NOW.**

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER
WAKES UP THE ROOTS

DOUBLE TEST

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD.
(53 JB.), 9, Percy Street, London, W.1.

I want a testing sample of Kotalko and a sample tablet of Kotalko Soap, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

Name.....

Address.....

Use Snowfire Tablet to prevent chapped faces & cracked lips

3d. Family Size 7½d.

Soft Snowfire in Tins 3d.

Send for this
FREE CATALOGUE
of the Berkeley Superlax Easy Chair
—it adjusts itself!

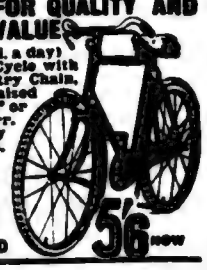
THE Berkeley Superlax brings both beauty and comfort to the home every day of the year.

Don't overlook the offer on page 33 the Superlax model illustrated can be obtained for small monthly payments of only 10/-. A free illustrated catalogue of this chair and other Berkeley models, together with patterns, etc., will be sent FREE and post free on receipt of the Coupon. Send this to-day.

Do You Lack Pep or Suffer with Nerve Trouble
—then send for this FREE BOOKLET!

A WONDERFUL booklet for all who are run-down, lack pep, and suffer from nerve and indigestion troubles. Write to "R.G." Foods (Derby) Ltd., Hatton, Derby, for the booklet and the vital useful information it contains. HEMO-PHYLL is a new discovery, the natural way to health and strength. Under guarantee, you can try a bottle, and if after having taken the contents in accordance with directions you should derive no benefit, your money will be returned in full. Take the first step and send for the free booklet and find out how to improve your health, circulation and build up your tissues to make you fit and keep you fit.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE



5/6 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves "FLIGHT" Cycle with Middlemore's Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chrom Plate, Raised or Drop Handlebars, Ladies' or Gent's with Accessories. Carr. Paid £4:10:0 or 5/6 monthly No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey Archer Three-Speed Gear £5:11:0 Terms 6/11 monthly. Write for Catalogue Free. Ladies', Men's, Juveniles', & Tandems. Roadsters, Racers, Club Models

5/6 now

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

Send for This FREE COOKERY BOOK "A Lesson in Pastry Making"

DON'T overlook the unique opportunity on p. 27 to secure a copy of this very useful book. You will learn why faults occur and how to avoid them—how to get perfect results with the least trouble. Every housewife and cook ought to have this valuable reference book. Send for your free copy now by filling in your name and full postal address in the coupon on p. 27.

LIVER, KIDNEY & STOMACH TROUBLES

If you are suffering agonising days, read of the marvellous recovery of Mrs. Hopton, 277, Abbey St., Derby, who writes:—"I was very ill, vomiting for three weeks and had terrible pains. I was in Hospital—was X-rayed—and they said I had Gall Stones. I took Vitadatio and now feel a new woman. I can eat anything and never have a bit of pain now." Cases pronounced hopeless have yielded to Vitadatio. For Liver, Kidney, Stomach and Blood troubles, Vitadatio stands alone. Get a bottle to-day. Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors, Chemists, Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or direct, per post (6d. extra in U.K.)

From VITADATIO, ARMLEY, LEEDS. **Write for FREE BOOK** 121

SECCOTINE ● Known and used the world over as the strongest and most effective adhesive for "sticking" articles of all surfaces. Handy, economical, always ready for use. Sold everywhere in pin-stopper tubes 4½d., 6d. and 9d.

THE DOUBLE STRENGTH ADHESIVE

Sole Proprietors, M'Caw Stevenson & Orr, Ltd., Belfast.

SECCOTINE ● Another use for Seccotine! It renovates dresses and fabrics! Add a little to washing water. Full directions with every tube.

Dawn is breaking in . . .

London's Blackest Street

The men behind the films at work. It is technicians such as these who have borne the main brunt of the slump in British studios

SOON the shadows will lift from London's blackest street. Millions of people throughout Britain will watch the revival of our most distressed industry.

You will not find that street in the grimy factory areas of the Metropolis.

It cuts through the West End, from the theatres of Shaftesbury Avenue to the crowded shops of Oxford Street.

Wardour Street. Main artery of the film business, a channel through which vast fortunes have been lost, a way of despair for an army of men and women, even though the renting side of the industry is still prosperous.

Walk down its narrow pavements and you may meet Mr. ——. (To reveal his identity might prejudice his chance of getting a job.)

A year ago he was earning nearly £30 a week as a lighting expert with a well-known film company. Last week-end he was faced with the choice of going without either food or fire.

His decision was the natural one. He and his wife sat in their top-coats in a room from which most of the furniture had vanished.

Long ago his car was sold, and he is heavily in arrears with insurance payments. Within a week or two he will be destitute.

You pass another man, known throughout the street as a brilliant technician, who used to earn £50 to £60 a week.

During the last twelve months he has not earned a penny. One studio owes him £300. His savings are exhausted.

On that salary he should have saved more? Maybe. But it was not so big when you consider that he might get only fifteen or sixteen weeks' work even in a prosperous year.

Such men were at the top of their profession. The plight of lesser-paid workers—first assistants who earned £8 to £10 a week, juniors who got only £2 or £3—is even worse.

Typical of many cases is Fred. The barometer seemed set fair for him at the beginning of 1937.

★ ★ ★

Not long married, he was buying a modest house through a building society, furniture on the hire-purchase system. A car was a necessity, not a luxury, owing to the late hours he worked at the studio.

Just after the birth of his baby daughter the blow fell.

With thousands of others he was dragged down by the steepest slump the British film industry has ever known and which threw into the gutter four men out of every five employed.

"Since then," says Fred, "I've had a month's work. I've been lucky. Some fellows have had only a week, others only a day.

"I'd put most of my savings into the house. For a while I struggled along on loans from my wife's people.

"First the car went, but somehow I managed to pay the furniture instalments.

"Then I was lucky enough to sell the house—though at a loss, which meant that I didn't get a penny back.

"Finally, I had to surrender all but two rooms of furniture. Now I'm several weeks behind with the rent of our cheap flat.

"There was no 'dole' for me, of course, and once I applied for public relief.

"A fat lot of relief about it! They made it plain that they didn't expect to have to keep people like me. I got so angry that I turned my back on them.

"Most of my meals come from my parents-in-law, though I hate accepting charity. I'm on my beam-ends and can't go on much longer. As it is, if I find a job it will take a year or two to clear my debts."

Well, jobs are in sight. Unfortunately, there will not be sufficient for all the thousands of skilled workers—from carpenters to camera-men, editors to small-part players—who are existing on the dregs of hope.

Some must face continued idleness and poverty.

They will remain victims of the bungling, incompetence and prodigal waste that involved the companies in gigantic losses, and is now forcing the Government to put their business in order.

The general release system added to the muddle. Many months elapsed between the West End première of a film and its presentation throughout the land.

Over-building resulted in empty stages and disastrous competition. The vast Gaumont-British studio at Shepherd's Bush closed down except for the production of newsreels.

The City demanded heavy reductions in costs; the Government hinted that it would take matters into its own hands unless the industry agreed to reorganisation.

After months of squabbling between producers, renters and exhibitors, no agreement was reached. So the Government acted—and the wrangling has gone on in Parliament and out, instead of being confined to the industry's round-table conferences.

What is the position now? It is an incredible one.

The Bill to prop the industry on its feet again is expected to be passed shortly. There are plans for big-scale production directly it receives the Royal Assent.

Objects of the Bill are excellent, most people admit, but it has been so amended and delayed as to arouse the suspicion that it is a bargaining weapon in the Anglo-American negotiations for a trade treaty.

American diplomats, well-informed authorities believe, are exerting pressure on Whitehall to amend the Bill according to Hollywood's satisfaction.

Not long ago, Miss Ellen Wilkinson openly voiced this charge in Parliament. She got no reply.

Thus, temporarily, the industry is worse off than ever. No one knows what conditions the Bill will eventually impose. Productions are being held up.

Mr. Irving Asher, director of Warner Bros., has just wasted a journey across the Atlantic and back. He dared not carry out his intention of bringing American stars to play at Twickenham.

No wonder, then, that many British studios are idle.

Converted into human terms: eight thousand of the ten thousand people normally employed are workless.

One association, catering for carpenters, plasterers, make-up and property men, reports that seventy per cent. of its 4,000 members are idle, and many have lost all they possess.

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Another body which represents cameramen, editors and other technicians, has 600 of its 750 members unemployed.

Small-part players and "extras," accustomed to regarding January and February as their leanest period, have found these two months the worst in ten years.

Families buying small houses near Denham and Pinewood have had to sacrifice their mortgages. Parents have been forced to withdraw their children from schools because they cannot pay the fees.

Not only have cars been given up—though such a studio as Iver is far from a station—but men with young families are going short of food. A few have found jobs as house-to-house canvassers. Some women employees have become City clerks.

Happily, some companies refuse to be hamstringed by any further delays in the lengthy battle over the Films Bill.

Mr. John Maxwell, of Associated British Pictures Incorporated, has announced his intention of making twenty or twenty-five pictures this year.

Another leader has already put fifteen titles on his schedule; another has half a dozen; Jack Buchanan is planning more comedies; a new company is starting work at Pinewood.

★ ★ ★

More than £3,000,000 will be spent. By Easter, most of the floors will be busy again. Most—but not all—for the Bill will reduce the year's quota of British films while gradually increasing it in future years.

None the less, we may expect two hundred home-made productions during 1938, as against 225 last year and 222 in 1936.

We may hope that the follies which have disgraced the industry in the past and brought it to the brink of ruin will be averted. Above all, the six months' legislative quarrel must stop. Whatever Hollywood may dictate, the Government must save the thousands of families whose lives centre round London's darkest street.

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Are you subject to attacks of indigestion, flatulence, acidity? Do you dread the after-effects of even the lightest meals? If so, your stomach is at fault. Why not restore, at once, its strength and tone? Nature will help you to do so—Nature in the form of Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup. This old-time remedy is made of herbs, roots and barks, and nothing better has been discovered for restoring the digestive organs to healthy activity. Take Mother Seigels daily after meals, and food will no longer distress but nourish you. You will enjoy your meals and know the blessing of good digestion and good health. 1/3 and 3/- at Chemists everywhere.

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There comes a time in the history of every Rheumatic sufferer when he says to himself: "I wonder if I am taking the right remedy?" Thousands of sufferers have asked themselves that question lately and decided that the time had come for a change.
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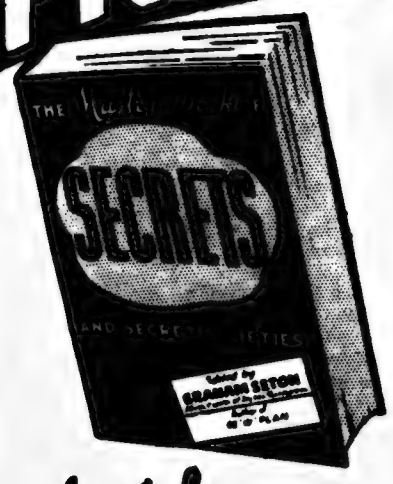

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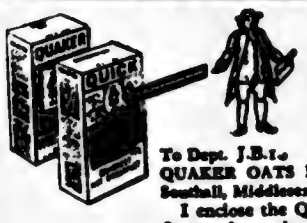

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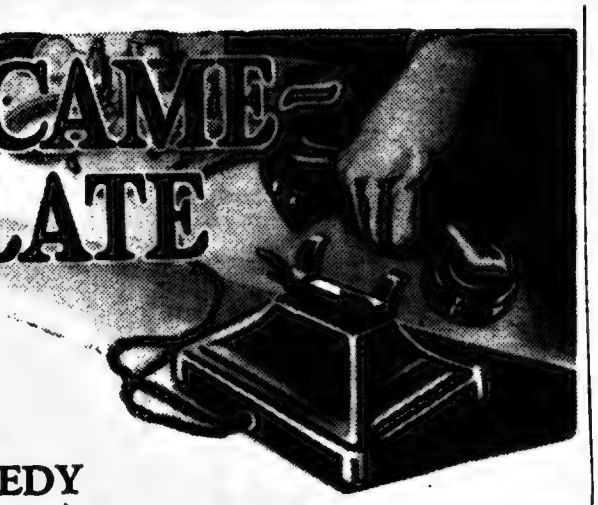

EARLY MORNING TRAGEDY

AT eight o'clock in the morning Mr. John Wormall, of 8, Kirkton Terrace, Heathhall, Dumfries, was alarmed to hear sounds of moaning coming from the hall. Hurriedly he rushed down the stairs, where, to his horror, he discovered his wife lying terribly burned, by the front door.

After preparing their son's breakfast and seeing him off to work, she had then set about her usual household duties. In passing the fireplace her clothes must somehow have caught alight, and she had dashed to the front door, with her clothes in flames, where she collapsed.

Mr. Wormall did everything he could to ease her suffering, and in this he was helped by a passing roadman whom he sent to telephone for medical assistance. Within twenty minutes Mrs. Wormall was in hospital, but despite everything possible that could be done for her, she died shortly after mid-day.

"JOHN BULL'S" PROMPT CHEQUE.

As Mrs. Wormall was a registered reader of "John Bull" a cheque for £50—the Benefit provided for Fatal Home Accidents under "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift—has been promptly sent.

EXCLUSIVE BENEFITS. In addition to providing numerous other accident Benefits "John Bull" is the *only* paper in the world to safeguard your household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, and TEMPEST, and the *only* paper to pay SICKNESS BENEFITS.

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Since the inception of this unrivalled bulwark of family security, "John Bull" has distributed to its registered readers or their dependants more than £600,000 and no greater testimony to the value of our Insurance Gift is needed.

Similar protection to that which "John Bull" offers to you *free* would, if taken out through an insurance company, cost at least two guineas in annual insurance premiums.

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It is the unexpected that so often happens. This invaluable Gift of Security for yourself, your family and your home can be yours by using the forms below.

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Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

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This Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send 4 coupons and P.O. for 1/6, plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 272, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

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Mr. Dickson's Secret of
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Dr. Cassells Tablets

Another Exclusive Interview From Our Own Special Health Investigator

Royston Greene

KINGSTON, THURSDAY

MORE and more people are enthusiastically recommending a course of Dr. Cassells Tablets as the ideal way of establishing really splendid health.

Mr. E. DICKSON

Talking to-day to Mr. Dickson, a commercial traveller of Kingston, Surrey I learned of yet another remarkable case. Mr. Dickson is simply overflowing with health and spirits! His business efforts are succeeding in all directions; his secret, as he frankly explained to me to-day, is Dr. Cassells Tablets!

GOT EASILY TIRED

"I always imagined I was healthy," said Mr. Dickson, "but somehow I just couldn't seem to get the best out of myself. I used to get easily tired and at times went off my food and couldn't summon up enough energy to carry on my business with the enthusiasm which it demands. So I commenced taking Dr. Cassells Tablets."

"*And what happened then?*" I enquired.

"I seemed to be infused with new life almost instantly!" replied Mr. Dickson. **"Within a week I found that my sales were up and that a tremendous change had come over me.** I was putting more enthusiasm and 'punch' into my work and in addition, was feeling right on top of the world! I began to enjoy my food more than I had ever enjoyed it in my life before. I began to feel stronger-nerved and 'full of beans'."

EARNING MORE MONEY

"*And do you attribute this entirely to Dr. Cassells Tablets?*" I asked.

"Decidedly!" said Mr. Dickson. **"And my advice to everybody is to start taking Dr. Cassells Tablets at once.** Then, and not till then, will they realize the joy that can come from absolutely perfect fitness both mentally and physically! Speaking for myself, I can say quite definitely that my selling efforts are more successful than they have ever been and that **the extra commission I have been able to earn has paid for the Dr. Cassells Tablets scores of times over!"**

DR. CASSELLS Brand **TABLETS** are the simple, easy, effective, health treatment which make you feel better than you have ever done before! They quickly conquer **NERVES, INDIGESTION, NEURITIS, INSOMNIA, HEADACHES, DEPRESSION, WEAKNESS, BREAKDOWN** and bring wonderful *Energy, Enthusiasm, Keen Brain, Sound Nerves, Youthfulness, Cheerfulness and New Strength!* They contain 19 Health Ingredients which revitalize the Whole Body!

Sold everywhere. 8d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

Dr. CASSELLS BRAND TABLETS

I saw the knife rise and glitter in a shaft of sunlight

Reader's Story by A. Quilliam

Conrad Phillips is visiting registered readers in their homes and re-telling their big thrill. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. This week's story is from Registered Reader No. 769551, Arthur Quilliam, 5, Micklefield Road, Liverpool, 15.

At the Mercy of a Madman

JEWELLERS' shops have pleasant memories for nearly everyone.

You go to them to get your engagement and wedding-rings and buy presents for your friends.

They are potential gold-mines for crooks and mines of information for the police.

I am a jeweller. Most of my life has been spent behind the glittering counters of jewellery shops. So I have become a student of human nature.

I have studied lovers selecting their rings, ordinary customers buying presents, and extraordinary customers whose main object in coming into the shop was to steal. I have been bored, excited and thrilled.

Let me tell you some of my greatest thrills. The first happened in the early days of the War—November, 1914. Everybody was excited, every man in khaki a hero.

Saturday night was cold and fine, and the streets were filled with shoppers and soldiers.

About six o'clock a soldier, apparently drunk, staggered into the shop where I was salesman and dresser.

He seemed hard-bitten—a man who had been in most of life's storms.

Candidly, I didn't like the look of him.

Sturdy, of medium height, he was a trooper in the Royal Horse Artillery, and he staggered to the counter, grinning.

"Hello, friend," he greeted me thickly.

"Good evening," I said. "What can I get you?"

"I wanna ring," he replied, swaying on the counter.

"For a lady or a gentleman?"

"Genilman—for me, mister. I'm a genilman, I am. I wanna ring—signet ring."

"What price do you want to pay?"

"Prish," he repeated. "Any prish—the besh prish."

In the window was a card of twenty-four rings, heavy 18-carat stuff.

As I handed it to him I noticed the card was full. He took it and rolled about the shop.

★ ★ ★

After a few minutes he handed me the card back.

"Nothing there I want," he said.

"Of course," I added, "we have hundreds from which to choose. Let me show you some more."

Then I saw that a ring was missing.

"You don't like these?" I said.

"No—junk," he replied, and went to move away.

"Just a minute," I said. "Before you go perhaps you can explain why one of the rings on this tray is missing?"

He pulled himself together and tried to stand to attention. His eyes narrowed and he squared his jaws.

"Are you accushing me—me an old soldier—of nocking thash rings?"

"I do not say you stole it," I replied tactfully. "What I do say is that it was on the card when it was handed to you."

That did it. With the air of one grossly insulted he sprang towards me, flinging his cap to the floor. Then he took off his bandolier and squared up to me.

"How dare you insult the British Army," he cried. "Come on—put up your hands."

Realising a fight was inevitable, I grabbed his coat collar, held him at arm's length, and banged his head against the counter.

"If you don't hand over the ring, you'll get more," I threatened.

To my astonishment, he dropped his head on the counter and started to weep.

"My poor pals," he wailed. "My poor old pals who are fighting in the mud and blood of France—and to say that I—I stole a ring."

Meanwhile, my boss had arrived, and outside the shop a crowd of people had gathered.

Among them was a fair sprinkling of soldiers.

"What shall we do?" the boss asked. "Send for the police?"

I looked at the soldiers and people outside.

"Better not," I suggested. "Anyone in khaki is so popular just now. If we give him in charge the crowd might get hostile."

So we let him go—ring as well.

During the excitement we had not noticed that he had left his bandolier behind.

As he did not come back to claim it, we informed the police.

Eventually a detective arrived and examined the bandolier.

In one of the pockets was the photograph of a young lady with an address on the back.

But the young lady did not know the soldier. He had apparently gone to her house to have a few drinks with a party, and had taken the photograph without her knowledge.

The number on the bandolier, however, furnished a clue. A few days later the detective called at the shop again and showed me some photographs.

"Do you recognise any of these?" he asked.

I picked the soldier out right away. He was an "old lag," well known to the police. But his khaki saved him. We did not proceed against him.

When I was a lad my father, who had been a pupil of the late Jem Mace, thought I should master the principles of boxing.

I have always been thankful.

Some years ago I opened a jewellers' shop in the city of London.

It was situated off the main road, and after dark was deserted and quiet—just the sort of crib a crook might be tempted to rob.

At the time I had only one assistant, and he usually quit work about six o'clock.

But if I were late, he always stayed with me.

One evening two rough-looking men entered. I noticed as they came in that they were surprised to see somebody with me.

The taller of the two asked to see the boss.

"I'm the boss," I told him. "What can I do for you?"

This appeared to embarrass the man.

"It's all right," he replied after a longish pause, "we'll call and see you again."

"You don't have to do that, gentlemen," I said, "I'm free to talk business with you now."

"No, no, not now," the man stammered. Then he and his companion backed to the door and disappeared.

"That's funny," I commented to my

(*Continued on page 42*)

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RACE WITH "SILVER RING"

LINCOLNSHIRE HOPES

A NORTHERN correspondent informs me that Hornpipe is going to dance the Lincolnshire!

He may be correct, but hurdlers have a poor record in the Carholme event. The last jumper to win the race was Furious, in 1920.

Owing to their fitness, hurdlers should play a big part in the popular handicap, but the present winter as a whole has been mild, and most candidates should be well forward.

There are other hurdlers in the Lincolnshire besides Hornpipe, notably Aldine, Jiudo and Port Sunlight. If I had to take sides with any I should rely on Aldine, owned by Lord Harewood. This five-year-old has recently rejoined W. R. Jarvis' team at Newmarket after a spell at Wroughton; and I believe he is quietly fancied.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers racing from Thursday, February 24, to Wednesday, March 2.

K X U Z R 98 96 G E D V B N H J T
S O Y 97 L W F 94 M P Q C I 93 95 A

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: 93NPTR94X would read HIDALGO. Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted: OTA2RMK93ND would read BATTLESHIP.

Watch Your KIDNEYS AFTER ANY ILLNESS

Any urinary irregularity or unusual pain in the back, muscles or joints should be suspected.

An enormous strain is placed on the kidneys by illness owing to the accumulated impurities which the kidneys must clear away before perfect health returns.

In most illnesses the kidneys themselves get weak or impaired. So when they are called upon to take the extra load of clearing out the poisons which result from the illness (bacteria, dead cells, uric acid etc.), you will see how necessary it is that your kidneys are watched and assisted.

The safest and most pleasant way of strengthening your kidneys is by taking some De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills. They are prepared specially to act on the kidneys. This they do so effectively and gently that you will be delighted with the feeling of health and strength that comes after taking a short course with them.

They are so successful in giving relief in all cases of kidney trouble because they are specially prepared for that work. In fact, you can see for yourself within 24 hours that they have put their healing touch right where it is needed. So do not neglect any symptoms that warn you your kidneys need attention. Look out for—

BACKACHE PAINS IN JOINTS
BAGGY EYES LISTLESS FEELING
BAD BREATH RHEUMATIC PAINS
or any Urinary Irregularities

If you have any of these symptoms, get

De WITTS PILLS

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Your Child's Health is at Stake

When it comes to choosing medicine for your child there can be no two ways. Nothing but the best is good enough. A child's health is priceless and a wise mother will not dream of taking chances where that is concerned—she will never gamble with 'cheap,' untried preparations.

And so when her child suffers from one of those inevitable stomach "upsets" she turns in complete confidence to 'Milk of Magnesia.'

Doctors the world over prescribe 'Milk of Magnesia' for children's stomach ailments and to keep the bowels regular. It is wonderfully effective yet entirely harmless even to the youngest babe. Next time your child is out of sorts, listless, has stomach-ache, colic or constipation, give 'Milk of Magnesia.' You will be delighted with the quick comfort it gives; sweetening the sour stomach and relieving the bowels.

Many mothers find 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets handy. Their pleasant mint flavour appeals very strongly to children, who take them eagerly.

Always remember that there is nothing "just as good" as 'Milk of Magnesia.'

Of all chemists, **1/3** *and* **2/6** *(treble quantity).*

Also 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' *brand* TABLETS 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6.

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Like Thousands of Others He Found the 12 Minerals+6 Vitamins+ Food Iodine in "VIKELP" Quickest Way Yet to Add Pounds, Build New Strength and Energy.

Read his actual letter . . .

"Gentlemen: I had been skinny since childhood. Last September was my nineteenth birthday, so you see how long I have been skinny. Almost every Sunday kids in the neighbourhood would go swimming. I did not go with them. I suppose they knew why. I was ashamed of my skinny body. I was nervous too. Even when I went to picnics in the summer I was ashamed to have my sleeves rolled up like other fellows did. A few months ago I stepped on a pair of scales. I weighed about 8 st. 8 lbs. and me a young man going on twenty. I thought of the future—would I always be skinny? I had seen 'Vikelp' Tablets advertised in the papers and magazines so I bought a tin. I was really amazed how much I gained and how much better I felt. I bought 4 more tins. Over two months have passed. I have gained more than thirty pounds. You don't know how much better I look and feel and how thankful I am for what 'Vikelp' Tablets have done for me, so I am going to thank 'Vikelp' Tablets for what their sea minerals have done for me.—Yours truly, L.P., Curlew."—Testimonial No. 5094.

99 times out of a 100 these dangerous run-down conditions are caused by lack of sufficient Minerals, Vitamins and Food Iodine in the system. "Vikelp" made from an amazing Pacific Ocean plant, not only contains the all-important Vitamins A, B1, B2, C, D and E, but is the world's richest source of all the 12 essential life-giving minerals (iron, copper, calcium, phosphorus, magnesium, sulphur, potassium, manganese, etc.) and Food Iodine. With these precious elements you quickly normalise your glands, build rich red blood, new energy and strength, rid yourself of stomach distress and add lbs. of firm flesh.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER!

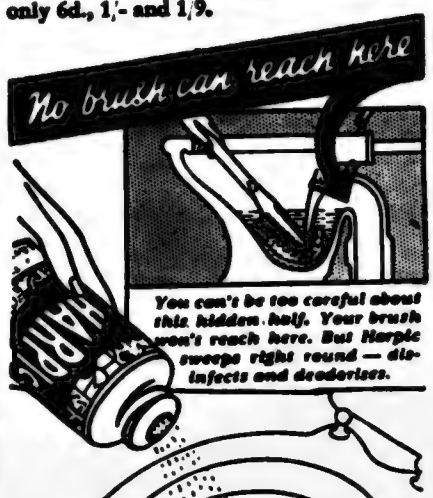
Write today for fascinating instructive 56-page book on How to Add Weight Quickly, Build Strength, Energy, Strong Nerves and Rich Red Blood. Mineral contents of Food and their effects on the human body. New facts about MINERALS, IODINE and VITAMINS. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight normalising, absolutely free. No obligation. Health Products Laboratories Ltd., Dept. J.B. 2/4, 10 Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.1.

VIKELP HEALTH and BODY BUILDING Tablets

ARE YOU CLEANING ONLY HALF YOUR LAVATORY?

HARPIC not only keeps the bowl spotlessly white. It sweeps right round that hidden bend in the pipe, cleans thoroughly where no brush can ever reach. It disinfects and deodorises at the same time. You just sprinkle Harpic, leave as long as possible, then flush.

In new easy-flow tins, Harpic costs only 6d., 1/- and 1/9.



You can't be too careful about this hidden half. Your brush won't reach here. But Harpic sweeps right round — disinfects and deodorises.

CLEANS · DISINFECTS · DEODORISES

HARPIC for the lavatory

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Size: 16½ x 10 x 9½ins.

This world-challenging offer of a fully equipped low-consumption 3-valve Battery Radio Outfit removes every obstacle standing in the way of your installing a first-class Set. For only 5/- per month (which is 2d. a day) you can easily afford this self-contained highly efficient, trouble-free Wireless Set.

5/- Monthly

OWN YOUR OWN RADIO

THE GRAVES 83 RADIO enables you to enjoy all the pleasure & interest of up-to-date Wireless for many years at a remarkably low cost of upkeep. Specially built for economical working, yet maintaining high efficiency and faithful reproduction. All components are of tested reliability, including Steel Chassis; Radio Frequency Coils with Iron Cores; British Valves; Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker; reliable 2-volt Accumulator; Long-life H.T. Battery; Full Vision Tuning Dial; Cabinet finished in two shades of Walnut, as illustrated. Complete in all respects including Aerial and Earth equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid.

TERMS: 5/- per Month. **£4.17.6**

NO CHARGE MADE FOR EASY PAYMENTS.
WE OFFER EXCHANGE PRICE FOR OLD SETS.

Mrs. G. S. of Malton, writes:—"We have got the Wireless fixed up and it goes grand. We are delighted with such a beauty for the price, and such a nice one too. Really it is as good as that of a friend of ours that was twice the price."

Mr. N. A. of Gateshead, writes:—"I received the '5.5' Battery model, and within half an hour had it going. We found the Set was more than we had expected, all British stations and many Continental stations being received and recognised by the wavelength markings on the tuning dial."

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other Sets for Batteries or Mains, including Super Hets.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

DO YOU SUFFER?

Nature's own wonderful Remedies for

ASTHMA
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HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE
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PILES
RHEUMATISM
and other ailments.

FREE Book on *Secret Herb Remedies* by Gypsy Petulengro, the Famous B.B.C. Romany, will be sent *Post Free.* Write to:

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PETULENGRO'S SECRET HERB REMEDIES

Send for these

FREE CATALOGUES

Jay's Furnishing Stores offer readers of "John Bull" Catalogues crammed full of bargains together with full details of their special easy payment terms. See page 29.

Take **Elasto** *for all* Regd. **SKIN TROUBLES**

THE *New* Elasto Blood Treatment is bringing quick relief to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Bad Legs, Varicose Veins, and other diseases of the skin and circulatory system.

Send for Free Sample!

Elasto blood treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. Now! While you think of it. *This offer is too good to be missed!*

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT COMPANY, Ltd. (Dept. 15A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Don't overlook the Bargains on pp. 2 & 3
and the "Small Ads. Worth Watching" on p. 16.

NEW ROUND-the-WORLD RADIOS
BIG PENSION plus CASH X-WORD!
20/- A WEEK for LIFE and £400 CASH
£100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP
FOR ONE LUMP SUM OF £600
RADIO BONUSES
As many as 37 Crosswordors have already won a Radio this year — and one will be yours this week with any Runners-up Prize of £3 or over—or (if First Prize is shared) with each such share of £50 or over—
ALL WAVE ALL MAINS REGENTONE
NO AERIAL OR EARTH NEEDED
VALUE £9 17 6
UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS
To each sender of entry containing only one less meritorious Answer than Runners-up we shall forward a Special Surprise Award to be posted simultaneously with the publication of winning square in "John Bull."
CLOSING SATURDAY MARCH 5

ACROSS CLUES

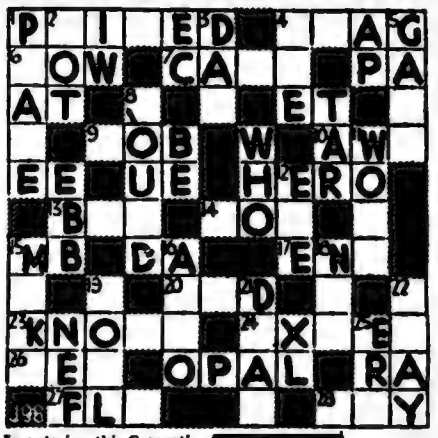
1. Family heirlooms are, often
4. Sometimes taken by fence
6. Not high
7. Schoolmaster should have good one for thrashing schoolboy
9. Sonny often gets one when mother wants some shopping done
10. Dread
13. Housewife doesn't like a heavy one
14. In toyshop you'll frequently see big one
17. Finish
20. Is often forced to burgle
23. Manufacturer likes to conceal these in cabinet of wireless set
24. Turn out from school
26. Slippery fish
27. Plant sometimes suffers through ravages of this
28. It's sometimes a good thing to leave child to do this by itself

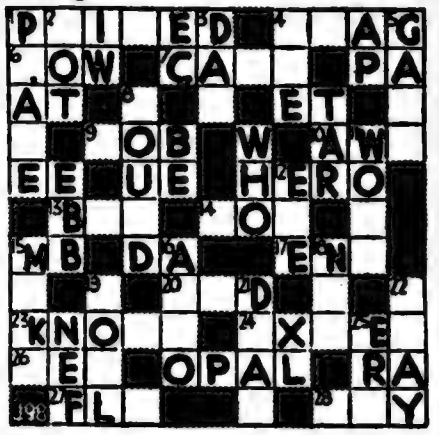
DOWN CLUES

1. Dinner is often served on big one
2. Decay
3. Can teach youngster quite a lot
4. You do this with your eyes
5. Football manager should be able to forecast roughly
8. People sometimes give one for a pet
11. One should be able to rely completely on that of a good timber merchant
12. One sees with this
15. Good one pulls well
16. In addition
18. One won't last very long
19. Sometimes given to kiddy as birthday present
21. Power sometimes is, to dictator
22. Pots are sometimes made from
25. Go astray

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 98. Closing SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1938.





In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

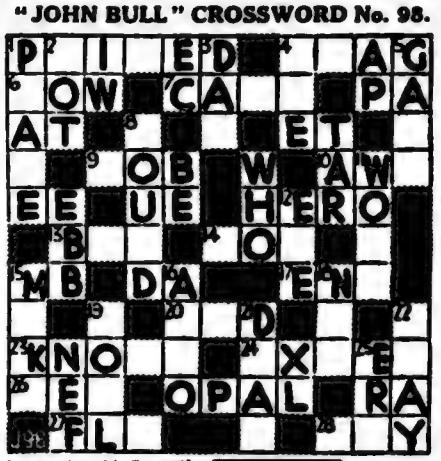
SIGNED .....

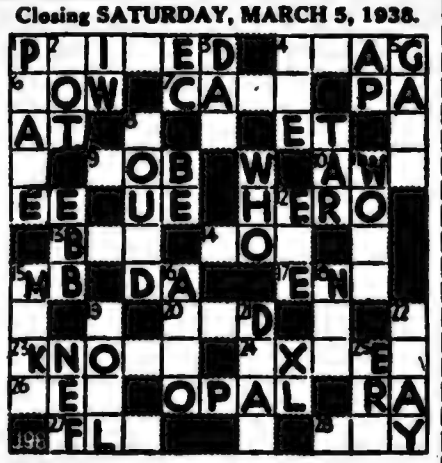
ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 98. Closing SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1938.





In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

7 Big Cheques Won in Crossword No. 95.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 95, the Adjudication Committee decided that the senders of the most meritorious Sets of Answers on one Square (see below) were the following seven competitors:—

W. R. BENNETT, Cherry Gardens, Wethersfield, Essex.
R. BOWERS, 14, Smith Drive, Orford, Warrington.
MRS. F. HOLT, 69, Rosehill Road, Burnley.
A. MANN, 51, Upper Parliament Street, Nottingham.
W. J. MUNRO, 66, Eglinton Road, Ardrossan, Ayrshire.
H. O. SIMMONS, 5, North Street, Smethwick, Staffs.
MRS. R. T. SMITH, 10, Hatfield Road, Potters Bar, Middx.

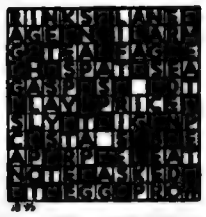
Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £750, and a Cheque for £107 2s. 11d. will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, March 1, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 Award to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 62 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Squares received. These winners will each receive £1 4s. 5d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award for each of 625 entrants from whom we received a Square differing from Squares of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

WINNING SQUARE



The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the Square on left.

Two blank spaces indicate that at these points STAGS or STARS, and JIG, RIG or WIG were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which can be obtained by using coupon below.

COPY SQUARES ONLY

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Saturday, March 5, 1938.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny Entry Forms from "John Bull," each entrant may submit SIX EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or any other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 8 Entry Forms (16 squares in all) and Entry-fee of 4s.

Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 17. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, March 22, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should the First Prize be shared, £600 Cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-one Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS ON PAGE 42.

✦ Special Invitation ✦ TO NEW READERS

May we send you a complimentary copy of "John Bull's" weekly "Crossword Gazette," the best possible aid to success? Post this coupon in halfpenny stamped envelope to "Bulletin" Dept., 39, Bedford Street, W.C.2 (OR ENCLOSE WITH "CROSSWORD" ENTRY)

You must affix ½d. Stamp here.

PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS

Name .....

Address .....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD No. 98, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Dad . . . ***A burning question*** **by Maz**

The Editor Laughs Last

ENQUIRER (Esher).—"What is a bus-man's holiday?" An Underground porter visiting a sardine-packing factory.

B. R. (Derby).—"I imagine that trips across the Channel in submarines would be attractive." You think they would go down well.

TEACHER (Bedfont).—"What do you think the naughty young scamp did when I ordered him to decline a verb?" He declined?

D. T. (Heston).—"In everything I undertake I always seem to get into a hole, so what do you advise me to do?" Take up golf.

D. M. (Ealing).—"London 'buses can now be overhauled in a couple of hours." But who on earth wants to chase one as long as that?

MENTAL SPECIALIST (Boxmoor).—"It is difficult for a normal man to remain unpleasant for long." We have long suspected our tailor of abnormality.

DRIVER (Clacton).—"I almost wept when I was parted from my old coal-fired engine and given an electric train." Those tender memories!

C. M. (Goole).—"Even the common cold is hard to shake off at this time of the year." So are those fiends who have an infallible cure for it.

R. D. (Hampstead).—"The licensing laws have made us like a lot of secret drinkers." You're wrong! It has not made us like even one of them.

G. B. A. (Queensferry).—"Where, I ask, do you find shop assistants bowing the knee to customers nowadays?" In shoe shops.

PSYCHOLOGIST (London, W.).—"If all your efforts go by the board, you may as well confess yourself beaten." Particularly if you happen to be playing darts.

R. E. (Chelsea).—"American chorus girls have very little on their English sisters." Well, if it comes to that, the English sister has very little on herself.

O. F. (Dursley).—"My tailor acted contrary to my definite instructions when he delivered my trousers with the bottoms turned up." So you turned them down?

TRAVELLER (Woodford).—"I went down the stairs two at a time after getting my first big order." No doubt a welcome change from going down them all at a time!

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrived with the earliest postmark receives the award.

EVENING GAZETTE:—". . . closed the oven door and prevented the GAMES from spreading."

SURREY TIMES:—"He has been indisposed this week with an affection of his CAR."

BRISTOL EVENING WORLD:—"Yatton Christmas Poultry Awards. Best six fat DOGS."

YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS:—"Miss F. W——, organiser of the National SPRINTERS' Pensions Association, hit upon the idea in order to jog his memory about spinsters' claims for a pension at 55."

NORTHERN WEEKLY GAZETTE:—". . . and shed the last of her EARS into his shoulder."

GLASGOW EVENING CITIZEN:—". . . swathing his agile form in a red cloak trimmed with VERMIN."

BOURNEMOUTH DAILY ECHO:—"Railway BOOINGS have also been the heaviest on record . . ."

IF you are troubled by any matter, except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

"That's all for to-day, boys —I've got a headache!"
(From "The Passing Show.")

Cyril W. (Croydon).—"A man who has an exceptionally late night out often suffers for it for quite a week afterwards." And his wife may not feel inclined to drop the matter even then!

MRS. T. (Glasgow).—"I always bring down my weight when I visit London." Well, you could hardly leave it behind, could you?

W. O. (Denham).—"Although he sent me a cheque for our charity, he forgot to sign it." No doubt he wished to remain anonymous.

P. N. (Hendon).—"My doctor was very angry when I told him I often had three hot baths a day." So you got into more hot water.

ORGANISER (Dulwich).—"The caretaker made a strong protest because I sprinkled french chalk on the floor for the dance." He kicked up a dust.

PRODUCER (London, W.).—"A musical comedy chorus should sing as one." The trouble is that sometimes the singers can't decide which one.

W. L. (Dundee).—"My wife indignantly refused to consider my suggestion that we should give them our new silk cushion as a wedding present." She sat on it.

M. N. (Grimsby).—"I thought the job was easy, but after an hour's trying it had me beat. Then the boss came over and did it for me in a few minutes." Easy to master.

A. Y. (Highgate).—"My son has at last realised that he must pass his examination, and I find him studying in the dining-room every morning at six o'clock." He is getting down to work.

G. W. (Aberdeen).—"I wonder why the herring situation causes such a great deal of heated discussion every year?" Probably because there are so many bones to pick.

F. M. (Elstree).—"I am making a film embodying all the most desperate horse-race finishes during 1937." Then, as usual, the ones we backed won't be in the picture.

L. F. (Stoke).—"I think it very suspicious that the photographs which appeared in the daily Press are entirely different from the ones I took at exactly the same moment." You have got your own views on the matter.

S. N. (Bristol).—"I can express my contempt for vegetarians in one word." Nuts?

G. H. (Halifax).—"He is a poor man who forgets his wife's birthday." And a poorer man if he doesn't.

BANK MANAGER (Liverpool).—"I am publishing a book of reminiscences relating to my customers." A volume of short stories, eh?

AMAZED (Luton).—"It seemed no time after the arrival of the engine that the firemen were playing on the flames." They put on a spurt.

MISS SIXTEEN (Liphook).—"My new dress is the most perfect fit I've ever had." Probably nothing to the fit your father will have when the bill for it comes in.

PETE (Petersfield).—"If he thinks this accumulator which he's dumped on me is going to be done free, he's in for a shock." You're charging it up.

M. E. (Bristol).—"Memory dormant for many years suddenly returned and enabled him to retrieve the treasure he had buried." It all came back to him.

ESTHER (Barnes).—"Nobody seems to know exactly what kind of fur it is my neighbour is wearing." She's wrapped in mystery?

JACK (Rochdale).—"When I told my son that I spanked him because I loved him, he said he couldn't see the sense of this." But we'll bet he wished he was old enough to return your love.

A. M. C. (Streatham).—"I sometimes have to wait 20 minutes for a train up to town." Just time enough to win £500 with which to buy a car. See page 43.

W. W. (Tring).—"I wonder why my washerwoman thinks she could make a good job of looking after the scenery of a theatrical touring company?" Well, she should be used to handling props.

BILL (Preston).—"Why do you think I told my teacher I should have preferred to have lived four hundred years ago?" Because then you wouldn't have had so much history to learn.

G. F. (Kettering).—"I have set my heart on my son being a vocalist, but his music master says he will never have a good singing voice." Never mind. He can always become a crooner.

S. L. (Sutton).—"What do famous music-hall comedians do on Sunday afternoons?" Probably lead the laughter when their recorded items are broadcast from a French advertising station.

J. U. (Woking).—"I'm worried about my husband. He left the church last Sunday in the middle of the sermon." Get him to consult a doctor. Sleep-walking needs careful treatment.

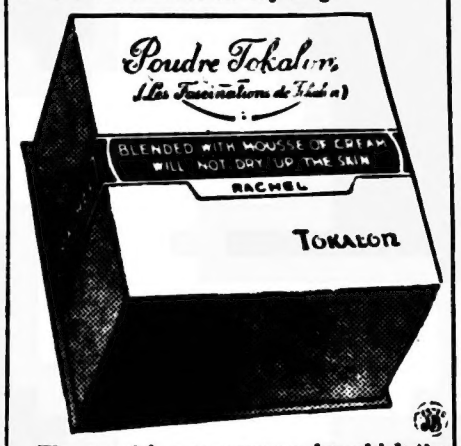
(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Sensational Change In Face Powder Fashion

No more hard 'made-up' look

NEW POWDER INVISIBLE ON SKIN GIVES MARVELLOUS NATURAL BEAUTY

Smart French women have started a new vogue. They have found a face powder that gives a peach bloom complexion without a trace of shine all day long.



The secret is a new process by which the finest triple silk-sifted powder is blended with Double Mousse of Cream. This latest process—the result of years of research by French Chemists—has now been patented by Tokalon. Poudre Tokalon enables you to say good-bye for ever to shiny nose and greasy-looking skin. It gives you an exquisitely beautiful complexion that stays absolutely "matt" for 8 hours. Neither wind, rain nor perspiration will make your skin shine if you use the Tokalon "matt-finish" powder. It gives a fresh rose-petal loveliness that will make you twice as fascinating. Ask for Poudre Tokalon—made in ten exquisite new shades: 6d. and 1/-.

By special arrangement any woman reader of this paper may obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing a special box of Poudre Tokalon and six samples of other shades so that she may test them for herself. The outfit also contains Crème Tokalon Skinfoods for both day and night use. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc., to Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 222 G). Chase Rd., London, N.W.10.

COLDS GO QUICKER THIS NEW WAY

New Effervescent Tablets Bring Relief from Colds, Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Indigestion, Acid Stomach.

Whenever you have a cold you can be sure there is excess acid in your system. Doctors say you cannot be healthy unless the alkaline balance of your body is maintained. That's why Colds and 'Flu are so hard to throw off. Ordinary medicines don't affect that excess acid. But here's a new way which shifts Colds like magic:

Drop one of the new "Alka-Seltzer" Tablets in a glass of water and you have a pleasant sparkling drink which quickly neutralizes excess acid. And once the alkaline balance of your system is restored, you've said good-bye to Colds, Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Indigestion and every Acid Stomach trouble.

Don't confuse "Alka-Seltzer" with salts or any ordinary medicines. It's perfectly harmless and is not a laxative. It's the last word in Medical Science.

Ask your chemist for "Alka-Seltzer" Brand Tablets. (The 2/- size contains 2½ times the 1/-). If you aren't more than satisfied with your first bottle, he will refund your money.

FREE!

The Master Book of Secrets and Secret Societies. Plot! Mystery!! Intrigue!!! This thrilling book is offered in the Quaker Oats advt. on page 37. Turn to it now.

NO MORE SICK HEADACHES

Keep Your Stomach Clean

If you are a martyr to sick headaches, biliousness, liver upsets and similar disorders, here is news that will cheer you. In the majority of cases the source of the trouble is the stomach, where nauseous gases accumulate and interfere with your digestion, poisoning the whole system and making you feel no good for anything.

Thousands of sufferers have put an end to all that misery by taking Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle. This proved remedy is gently laxative and helps to expel poisonous, clogging waste matter. Two or three doses are usually sufficient to put your stomach in a clean, healthy condition.

At the first sign of discomfort seek refuge in MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder. You can always rely on speedy relief.

But remember to look always for the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle—your assurance of genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and whole-hearted relief from stomach pains! 1/3, 2/- and 5/-, Powder or Tablets. Also in handy pocket tins of Tablets, 9d.

Asthma Agony Curbed in 3 Minutes

Choking, gasping, wheezing Asthma poisons your system, ruins your health and weakens your heart. Mendaco, the prescription of a physician, starts dissolving asthma mucus in 3 minutes, purifying the blood and building new vitality so that you can sleep soundly, eat anything and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours and stop your Asthma in 8 days or money back. Get Mendaco through Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, or any chemist to-day. The guarantee protects you.—[Advt.]

PILES!

Man Zan stops the irritation, soothes and heals internal, external blind or bleeding piles. A large tube, with special nozzle applicator, which makes this wonderful preparation easy to apply, costs but 3/-. Your chemist will tell you how good it is. Don't suffer in silence longer. Ask him about

Man Zan

Brand PILE REMEDY

To end Constipation—Take De Witts Brand Little Laxative Pills. Price 1/3.

CROSSWORD No. 98.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

ON page 40 is presented the ninety-eighth of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize winner will be the competitor who on one Entry-square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, March 17, 1938. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which is obtainable as instructed on page 40. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

Don't overlook the Bargains on pp. 2 & 3
and the "Small Ads. Worth Watching" on p. 16.

THE UNHAPPY DRINKER

(continued from page 23)

impulses of which the patient was not consciously aware.

Patients have made names for themselves in writing or painting, after giving up alcohol.

Others have adopted the practice of these arts as hobbies, providing them with vast, if unremunerative, pleasure.

Now and again the patient's vocation undergoes a change as a result of the psychological enlightenment that accompanies the "cure."

I am thinking of a patient who was an apparent success in his job in a stockbroker's office, but who disliked the work and felt himself a square peg in a round hole.

★ ★ ★

After he had gained insight into his maladjustments, he saw the need for seeking more congenial work, and is now contented in his niche in an art museum.

The typical abnormal drinker should not be treated like a child, for, like all neurotics, he is apt to be well above the average in intelligence.

In 90 per cent. of the cases we have studied he is an introvert as well.

Opposite of the men of action, introverts find it hard to establish free, easy contact with other men and women.

Alcohol relieves them of their self-consciousness and socialises them.

However, it is a short cut, and a very dangerous one for this type of person, whose native tendency to day dream is greatly increased by the action of alcohol on the brain.

If you like to drink because of the effect of alcohol in stimulating your imagination, watch out!

You are meddling with one of its most seductive and dangerous uses.

What other types of men should never drink?

The man who becomes a fighting drunk should never indulge in alcohol, even if he had no subjective dependence on its use.

He is not an abnormal drinker, as we use the phrase here, but his temperament is such that in a single drinking session he may commit an act of violence which will destroy his life.

Some men, when drunk, pass into a dazed, listless state from which they are unwilling to rouse themselves.

They are too weak-willed and spineless to respond to the kind of psychological re-education which helps hardier types.

Best solution for their problem is to bring them under some strong authority.

Yet the majority of abnormal drinkers do not belong to the fighting drunk or the psychopathic-inferior class.

They are normal, intelligent men and women whose unhappiness is the result of their failure to adjust adequately to life.

★ ★ ★

Drinking is their declaration of independence against their parents' efforts to dominate them, or against the world for failing to spoil them as their parents did.

These persons suffer from no defect of brain or body: they need only to be shown how to make their peace with the universe.

Abnormal drinkers may be youngsters having their first bout, or they may be confirmed alcoholics, veterans of many institutions and superficial cures. No distinction need

be drawn between the two groups; both of them are susceptible to cure.

Neither the novice nor the seasoned alcoholic can be helped by emotional appeals or by threats of punishment—as families of drunkards would do well to learn.

The alcoholic is already emotionally unbalanced, and appeals to his better nature are as useless as appeals to the logic of a man who is insane.

If the abnormal drinker is treated as a medical case, suffering from a common form of mental illness, little damage is wrought his self-respect, and results are more rapidly obtained.

And there is this comfort to be thrown to the abnormal drinker who cannot conceive of a life endurable without his favourite crutch.

Once the crutch has been discarded with scientific aid, walking alone becomes a pleasure.

Then the abnormal drinker learns what it is to enjoy life.

I myself have tried both methods. I have attacked life the hard way, from the side of the bar rail, and it didn't work.

I have tried the permanent water wagon, accompanied by new mental habits, and have found it well worth while.

At the Mercy of a Madman

assistant when they had gone. "I wonder what their game was?"

"You can bet," he said, "they were up to no good."

Later I packed the registered packets I had to post—about £300 worth in all—and put them into my pocket. Then I set off to the post-office.

On the way there I had to pass a long, dark wall.

Preoccupied with business problems, I wasn't aware that I was on the dark side until I was suddenly confronted by two men.

They were the pair who had entered my shop so mysteriously a few hours before.

★ ★ ★

One stood in front of me and the other behind me.

"All right, hand 'em over, and make it snappy," the man in front demanded.

I had to think fast. In a flash I decided to fight the men.

Although they were two against one, I figured that if I hit fast and hard enough I stood a chance.

"Hand over what?" I asked, pretending to be mystified.

With that I flashed out my right. It was a beauty, landing right on the point of the jaw.

The hold-up man dropped like a sack of coal.

Springing round, I made for the other man. But he decided to run, feeling, no doubt, I was more than a match for him.

Seeing other figures lurking in the shadows of the street, I thought it was best to get away while I was safe and sprinted for the post-office.

From there I went to the police, but when we returned the birds had flown.

I have had several adventures like that, and in all I have found my boxing experience invaluable.

There have, however, been adventures of another nature. When I was managing a jewellers' shop some years ago I had a most unusual encounter.

(Continued from page 38)

Business was slack—for it was summer—and I was sitting in the shop envying people who passed with towels and bathing costumes.

My solitude was broken by a customer, a middle-aged man with queer grey eyes.

He was rather tall, with stooping shoulders.

"I want to know," he said in a high-pitched voice, "whether you will repair a watch for me?"

"I shall be pleased to give you an estimate of it if I can see it," I responded.

A glance told me it was of inexpensive metal and badly broken. Certainly it was not worth repairing.

"If I were you," I told him, "I should not bother to spend money on it—it's not worth it. You could buy a new one more cheaply than the cost of repairing this."

"Oh, I see," he snapped, grabbing the watch from my hand. "You want me to buy a new one.

★ ★ ★

"Listen here, young man. You don't know what you're talking about. You are incompetent. You want to take lessons in your business."

Naturally, his tirade rattled me.

"Very well," I said. "That is your opinion. I don't propose to argue with you. Good afternoon."

"Why, you incorrigible scoundrel!" he shouted. "How dare you talk to me like that!"

I could see his eyes narrow; the queer light in them intensify; his nostrils dilate.

"You are a lunatic," he proceeded, panting hard. "A silly, stupid lunatic."

"Please leave these premises," I insisted, for I was genuinely alarmed.

"I shall go—go when I please," he shouted.

Then his right hand flew to his trousers pocket, and he pulled out a long steel chain at the end of which was an ominous-looking pruning knife.

Obviously I had a madman to deal with.

★ ★ ★

"Please," I appealed, "why do you have to do this? There is no necessity for it. If I want nothing to do with your business, surely that doesn't justify your threatening me with a knife."

"Ah," he said with childish triumph, "you are afraid of me."

"We will soon prove whether I'm afraid or not," I said, buttoning up my coat and moving round the counter.

When I was at the other side he backed towards the door.

But I wasn't quite sure how I was going to tackle him.

What if I tackled him and he overpowered me?

I should be stabbed to death!

How I longed for somebody to come into the shop, but the neighbourhood was deserted.

Every step I took towards the man his eyes appeared to get larger and larger.

I felt a chill running up and down my spine, my heart thumping madly against my ribs. What alarmed me most was the feeling that he was exerting some strange influence over me.

As I attempted to get a grip on myself I saw the knife rise and glitter in a shaft of sunlight.

Then to my relief somebody paused by one of the windows.

The madman apparently saw him, too, for he opened the door and ran up the street.

That was the last I saw of him. Yet for months I never felt really safe. At nights I would see those strange eyes. Indeed, I've never really forgotten them.

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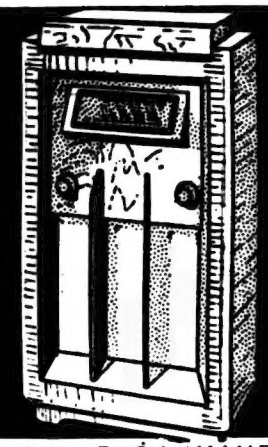

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Each winner of £3 and upwards from whom "John Bull" receives two or more entry-fee (or prize) coupons for this contest, bearing same name, initials and address, will be presented with this superb "Philips" 5-valve Superhet Radiogram giving magnificent reproduction of radio and records.

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"LIKE most members of the *Bullets* family, I have longed for the arrival of JOHN BULL'S famous Friday First Prize telegram. When it did arrive, however, I was overwhelmed!"

These were the words in which an enthusiastic *Bullets* entrant—Mr. G. Stephenson, "Glenmore," Manor Road, Beverley—described the thrill of receiving JOHN BULL'S congratulations on capturing the First Prize of £400 and a Radio in *Bullets* 1,105th Contest.

Imagine your feelings if on Friday, March 18, a golden Joy Wire were to bring you JOHN BULL'S congratulations on capturing not £400 and a Radio but a solid fortune of £500! Think, moreover, how pleased you would be if you knew that, simply by having qualified as directed on this page, you would receive a magnificent Radiogram in addition.

That is the thrilling prospect which will encourage you to make some neat *Bullets* for this enormous one-week offer. Start on your way to a big success as soon as you have read through the simple instructions below!

N.B.—*Please do not write and ask what are the 1,000 30-point, 2,000 20-point and 3,000 10-point Mystery Prizes also to be won this week. Find out the big £175 secret by winning one yourself.*

"BULLETS" 1,106 RESULT

First Prize £300, plus Celebration Week-end:

H. PINDER, 24, Denmark Street, Belle Vue, Wakefield.

Example: CAUSED A SHINE
Bullet: *Once,* "OLD-DUSTER" INSULTED.

SECOND PRIZE £50 plus Week-end:

Mrs. WITHAM, Fernside, Forest Row, Sussex.
Example: In Henpeck's Office
Bullet: He "Counts"—He's Cashier!
(Entered on "Prize" coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE £25, plus Week-end:

W. WEISS, 69, Franklyn Gardens, Edgware.
Example: If We Were All Rich
Bullet: "Beyond Dreams," Still "Avarice."

OTHER PRIZES:

£15: J. L. ATTWOOLL, 30, Lorne Road, Southsea.
In The Hour Of Need—Cholmondeley's Very Like Smith.

£10: J. CORNACIA, 39, Glenwood Road, Hounslow.
Mother's Plan—"Binding" Sweethearts—Sonny's, "Bleeding."

£9 10s.: W. J. RADFORD, 70, Kendall Road, Colchester.
When Everybody's Armed—And Taxed—And Starved——

£9: E. HENDERSON, 1, Amberley Grove, Sydenham, S.E.
In The Hour Of Need—"Britain, Help!" "Help *Britain*?"

£8 10s.: D. TAYLOR, Bungalow, Crankwood Road, Abram, near Wigan.
In The Hour Of Need—Neighbour's Telephone *Isn't* Swank.

£8: Mrs. A. SMITH, Dairy Farm Cottage, Milford, Surrey.
Woman On The Bench—Making Shells—A Mother!

£7 10s.: Mrs. J. D. JONES, 10, Blackbird Avenue, Leicester.
Sent In The House—Talk Won—Silence Lost.

£7: J. SCOTT, 55, St. Paul's Road, Salisbury.
When He's At Home—Dad's Feet Up? Hands!

£6 10s.: J. CUTHBERT, 6, Woodend Cotts., Hill-of-Beath, Fife.
When Father Played Darts—Miles Out—Inches In!

£6: W. C. WITCHELL, 54, Keston Road, Thornton Heath.
Welcoming The Dawn — Cock-a-doodle—"*Ugh!*"

£5 10s.: D. MACKEY, 23, Cambridge Street, Wolverton.
A Topper—Pitted Occasion, Not Father!

£5: E. H. NEWTON, Kia Ora, Peterley Corner, near Gt. Missenden.
The Stairs Creaked And—Wifey "Nailed Loose *Hubby*."

£4 10s.: P. M. ADAMSON, 85, Pembroke Crescent, Brighton.
In Henpeck's Office—That's Why I'm Single!
(Entered on "Prize" coupon.)

£4: N. J. FISHLOCK, 86, Hartley Down, Purley.
When Father Played Darts—*Time's* "Flight" Badly Judged.

£3 10s.: A. EDGELL, 165, Luckwell Road, Bristol.
Successful Campaign—That *Grandma* Recalls, Courtship.

£3: H. DARLEY, "River View," Ke'field, York.
The Stairs Creaked And—Poker Made *Noiseless* "Descent."

£2 10s.: C. H. CARTER, 19, Norton Avenue, Cardiff.
Unwanted—Anyway, China *Wife* Dropped!
(Entered on "Prize" coupon.)

Each of the above winners up to £15 will also receive a Cinema Bonus as announced.

A list of 89 10s. plus Bonus and 869 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

THE WAY TO WIN

SELECT, say, half a dozen *Examples* on which to work and write these down, adding to each one all the ideas it suggests to your mind.

Now a finished *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely fitted to the chosen *Example*. Your next step, then, should be to compress and improve your rough notes.

Suppose, for instance, that you had been attracted by the *Example* SINGING AGAIN and against it, jotted down *After Struggling Against Adversity*. Returning to the metaphor of the *Example*, you could easily produce the typical *Bullet*, SINGING AGAIN — THROUGH "FACING MUSIC" BRAVELY

Before starting on your own efforts, study closely the good points of the leading *Bullets* in our 1,106th Contest which appear on this page.

Then begin on your own efforts, making sure that your entry is posted on or before Saturday, March 5.

Special Invitation ★ TO NEW READERS

★ **Send this Coupon**

May we send you a complimentary copy of JOHN BULL'S weekly *Bullets Bulletin*, the best possible aid to success? Post this coupon in halfpenny stamped envelope to *Bulletin* Dept., 36, Bedford Street, W.C.2. (OR ENCLOSE WITH "BULLETS" ENTRY).

You must affix ½d. stamp here

PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS

NAME .....

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ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS TO ANY "EXAMPLE"

BRITAIN'S LOOKING UP AND	EMPEROR HITLER	SHE'S ONLY A GIRL, BUT
PARADISE FOR MOTORISTS	BORN LEADER	DROP TOO MUCH
NOT STRONG ENOUGH	HURRIED	PAID THE DOCTOR
TRAGEDY OF SPAIN	MOTHER'S HELP	PEOPLE LIKE US
ACT OF A MADMAN	FAVOURED FEW	WHEN LIFE SEEMS DRAB
SPRING, THE MAGICIAN	TODDLING ALONG	IN A GILDED CAGE
DREAMING OF WEALTH	DOGGED	HARD TO CHANGE
RIGHT TO WORK	FOR A BET	LESSON I'VE LEARNT
WORTH CULTIVATING	IN POCKET	UPSET THE LODGER
GOING ON THE FILMS	SINGING AGAIN	ALWAYS THE SAME
NOTHING TO REGRET		WHEN THE CUCKOO CALLED

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

(1,110) | P.O. No. ..... | Signed .....
Closing postmark SAT., Mar. 5. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Address .....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

(1,110) | P.O. No. ..... | Signed .....
Closing postmark SAT., Mar. 5. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Address .....

YOU CAN POST YOUR ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, MARCH 5.

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

(1,110) | P.O. No ..... | Signed .....
Closing postmark SAT., Mar. 5. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Address .....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

(1,110) | P.O. No. ..... | Signed .....
Closing postmark SAT., Mar. 5. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible

The original cheque for £400 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,105 will be displayed in the window of Mr. J. Holmes, 22, North Bar Street, Beverley.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,110 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,110, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C 2 (Comp.)

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